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JOHN MACY, LITERARY EDITOR

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FRIEDRICH WILHELM FOERSTER ROBERT HERRICK
CARL VAN DOREN NORMAN THOMAS

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THE collapse of the London Conference is the final proof, if such were needed, of the incapacity of the politicians who today head the British and European governments to solve the economic problems which are daily bringing Europe nearer to disaster. The English have bravely met the French insistence upon a further advance into the Ruhr but the result is a deadlock. In taking this position Bonar Law is fighting well the battle for civilization and he ought to be reinforced immediately by a White House declaration placing the United States squarely alongside the English. It would need nothing more than a single vigorous utterance from the White House to check Poincaré. Sooner or later, we believe, that will have to be done, for any further advance into Germany or seizure of her territory will inevitably recoil upon France herself besides ruining the rest of Europe. Cabling to the New York *World* John Maynard Keynes declares that the "occupation of the Ruhr would throw the whole of Europe into chaos and rapidly lead up to an impossible situation." He also believes that "if France seizes the Rhine provinces this act will be one so disastrous to herself, to Europe, and to prospects of future peace that the whole world, including even America, should do whatever lies in their power by protest and by inducement to disuade France from creating in Europe a situation at least as evil as any in former days." This is the simple common sense of the situation. Yet if it is not followed the most terrible consequences to all mankind may ensue. And the White House is deaf, dumb, and blind in the face of this contingency!

Lord Curzon made an impassioned appeal on behalf of the Allies for possession of several parts of Turkish territory where their soldiers and sailors are buried. "That is sacred soil to us," he said.—News dispatch from Lausanne.

LORD bless our souls, if Britain is to own every acre of sacred soil where British blood is spilled what a petty thing her present empire will come to seem! Archangel, Vladivostok, the Crimea; Peking and Persia; Blenheim and Waterloo; Lexington and Yorktown; and Vimy Ridge, and Ypres, and the marshes on the Somme—all sacred British soil, which Britain must possess? There are strange quirks to the English mind.

IT really looks as if the welter of conflicting greeds and ambitions at Lausanne were about to produce a more satisfactory solution of the Straits question than has seemed possible since the breakdown of Allied common sense at Versailles. The Turks are to have the city of Constantinople, which, with all its drawbacks, is well, for to grant any other Power possession would require the maintenance there of a perpetual standing army and leave a festering wound in Islam. An international commission like the Danube River Commission is to control traffic through the Straits, which are to be demilitarized. Ships of commerce are to have free passage at all times, which is as it should be. Ships of war are to have more freedom of passage than we might wish. The American spokesman, Mr. Child, was of course right when he declared that it would be as reasonable to exclude warships from every international body of water as from the Black Sea, but our Great Lakes provide a striking example of the practical benefits of a disarmament agreement, a policy that might reasonably be extended to all the seas of the world. The fact that other nations have not yet attained that degree of wisdom need not lead us to reopen the Lakes to warships. If the Black Sea could be disarmed that would be another great landmark on the path to peace, and for Soviet Russia herself to advocate it marked the end of a chapter of history, Russia's ambition to open the Straits to her warships having been one of the great sources of international friction before the war.

MEANWHILE the real problem before the people of the United States is, What can we do to help the Near East refugees? Our influence is happily making itself felt against the proposed deportation of 200,000 Greeks from Constantinople, but there are already a million refugees from Asiatic Turkey herded into old Greece and the neighboring islands. This is no time to waste words in denunciation. We have just fought the bloodiest war in history; Christian peoples massacred each other during and after the Balkan Wars; the Greeks left a burned waste behind their retreat across Anatolia; the Turks have committed horrible outrages of which we have probably heard even

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more than the truth. Anathematizing will not help; warlike threats would only aggravate the hate and fear that make men act like beasts. Perhaps these terrible migrations may even bring a readjustment that will make peace in the Near East easier in years to come. But for that there is a ghastly present price to pay. The world must help, and America, as ever, most of all. We can give to the Near East Relief and the Red Cross; but we can lend more permanent aid by lifting the bars at Ellis Island to refugees who have relatives in this country able and willing to support them. That is the purpose of Senate Bill 4092, just introduced by Senator Keyes. President Harding did not find it in his heart to mention this help in his message; but men and women of warmer hearts and longer vision can help somewhat by writing to the President, and to their Senators and Congressmen, that to pass this bill is the least which America in such a crisis can decently do.

AT last the Nobel Peace Prize has gone to the right man. In honoring Fridtjof Nansen the trustees have honored themselves after having made the peace prize ridiculous by bestowing it upon Roosevelt, upon the Wilson who plunged us into war, and upon Léon Bourgeois. Ever since the Peace Conference, Nansen, who is personally one of the most commanding and one of the four or five noblest figures in the world, has been giving all of his time and strength to the resuscitation of Europe. He has risked life and health in fever-stricken, famished Russia, and with all his powers striven to offset the folly of the anti-Russian intrigues of the Allies while endeavoring to save the lives of millions. For three and one-half years he has toiled incessantly in relief work in various lands besides being an outstanding figure at the League of Nation's conferences. Now he has been called to act for the Allies in regard to the disposition of the multitudes of refugees driven out of Turkey. If there is any man on earth who since the armistice has worked more unselfishly and more modestly in the spirit of the Saviour than Fridtjof Nansen, we should like to hear of him.

PRESIDENT HARDING'S delayed annual message to Congress is heralded even in Democratic quarters as the best he has yet delivered. It does prove that the Executive has begun to make excursions into the world in which we live. Thus he has discovered that the old-world order is dead and can never be revived, and the recent elections have not only brought to his attention some of the pressing problems of the farmer but have enabled him to admit, as if he were the most radical member of the Farm Bloc, that it was the precipitate and uncalled-for deflation of the farmer which is responsible for the acuteness of his suffering. But the President does not add that it was the Federal Reserve Board which set in motion what has proved to be disastrous. There are indisputably excellent passages in the President's address, such as his appeal to the country to obey the prohibition law as long as it is on the statute books and his pointing out to prohibition lawbreakers that they cannot throw stones at other law violators if they themselves show no respect for legislation embodied in our organic law. Besides some worth-while recommendations as to our agricultural problems, Mr. Harding has some constructive suggestions to make as to the railroads, urging the merger of lines into group systems, the interchange of freight cars, and the consolidation of facilities—in terminal reorganizations there are possible enormous savings. These are valuable, but his sound stand on prohibition is the best part of his message, which is none the less characteristically uneven in quality.

WHEN the Progressive Conference on December 2 urged a Constitutional amendment to do away with the Electoral College, to provide for direct election of the President, and the prompt meeting of a newly elected Congress, Mr. Harding let it become known to the press that he was opposed to any further tinkering with the Constitution. That did not prevent his urging a week later two excellent amendments to the Constitution—one giving Congress authority over child labor, the other to restrict the issuance of tax-exempt securities. As for labor, the President is now for the abolition of the Railway Labor Board which he did more than anyone else to ruin and was praising to the skies only yesterday. For it he would substitute a labor division of the Interstate Commerce Commission and he still toys with the idea of forbidding strikes in connection with public utilities. As for immigration, he has yielded to the extremists and demands the registration of all aliens—a costly, vicious, and probably impractical undertaking which would place the alien in the power of any local official and create another great government bureau. The President still trembles over the alien menace of revolution and sinks to bathos when he discovers that "there is the recrudescence of hyphenated Americanism which we thought to have stamped out when we committed the national life and soul to the World War"—the last an admission that will return to plague him. Our Main Street President has still much to learn as to the bitter rifts the war created in our citizenship, as to how gravely it seared our nation's soul, and how discredited it is among the masses who seek only to forget the very memory of it. But even on Main Street one learns something, and the White House training of Warren Harding at the country's expense has indubitably progressed a step further.

THE Irish Free State celebrated its official birth and the appointment of Timothy Healy as Governor General by the midnight trial and the early morning murder of Liam Mellowes, Rory O'Connor, Joseph McKelvey, and Richard Barrett. Of the Irish leaders who at one time or another had visited the United States, Liam Mellowes stood foremost in the quality of his selfless, mystical devotion to his God and to his country, and to his heroic courage added a quite unusual understanding of the economic needs of the peasants. Worst of all these men were prisoners of war after having been taken in open legitimate warfare. This is murder foul and despicable and nothing else. Conceived and matured in blood, the Free State is now so baptized in gore one wonders how it can possibly have any hope of an extended existence when it is ushered in by such atrocities—indeed, it begins to look as if it could not exist long. The executions were, it is true, reprisals for the assassination of a member of the Dail. But these men were guiltless of any connection with that, having been in jail for months. It was a butchery precisely like the massacre of hostages by the Germans in Liège and should equally be reprobated. Yet Kevin O'Higgins, the Minister of Home Affairs, declared for himself and his associates that "they knew no better means of prevention [of the garroting of the Free State] than those they had employed." Precisely. That is

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what is the trouble everywhere. Ministers know only how to meet murder with murder and force by force.

THE situation calls for an Irish application of Gandhi's principle of non-cooperation. Why should an imaginative, generous, and warm-hearted people have anything to do with rulers or aspirants for rule whose hands are red with innocent blood? Irish labor and independent deputies could withdraw from all share in a government which persists in the policies on which the Mr. Cosgrave's government is now embarked. For them to remain is to accept a responsibility for the guilt. Irish workers and farmers, who knew well enough how to boycott oppressive landlords, might try a boycott of native militarists. Then there is the church—above all there is the church. The Roman Catholic Church in Ireland was the principal force in averting British conscription during the Great War; it has lately thrown its influence against the violence of the Republicans; will it be silent in the face of the atrocious crimes of the government it has supported? What is at stake is the good name of the Irish race and the faith of mankind in the principle of self-determination. In the mouths of men, Irish deeds—not enemy lies—are making the Irish cause a byword and a hissing. Yet the Irish cause was just and the Irish leaders were idealists. The trouble lay with the inadequacy of the national ideal and the self-destroying nature of the violent methods which the Irish leaders not merely justify but glorify in. The only hope of Ireland lies in the capacity of her people by moral and economic pressure to establish a government which will have an elementary regard for the dignity and value of human life and the supreme worth of good faith in the conduct of human affairs. Until that is done no Irishman can go about his business without shame and sorrow. In the final analysis, despite all difficulties, the Irish are responsible for Ireland.

THINGS do not seem to be running quite on the scheduled track at Mr. Hughes's Central American Conference. Aside from the resignation of Costa Rica's delegates, piqued with their government, the Hondurans are suggesting that the road to peace in Central America leads through a Central American Federation, and several of the delegates appear to fear that Mr. Hughes's moral principles look better from afar than from close at hand. The announced purpose of the sessions is to take steps toward Central American peace. But the Central Americans, under the joint auspices of Mexico and the United States, took long steps toward that end in 1907, and set up a Court of Arbitration which functioned well enough until in 1916 and 1917 it adjudged the three-million dollar Nicaraguan treaty with the United States an infringement of Costa Rican and Salvadoran rights, since which it has, because of the attitude of the United States, lapsed into innocuous desuetude. Mr. Hughes has not given any hint of penitence for that. Three of the Central American states took another long step forward by establishing the Central American Federation last year, and their contention that it was the United States which caused the break-up of that federated republic is not without basis, as Mr. Warner's article in *The Nation* of June 21, last, set forth. Recent American policy in Caribbean waters leads us to fear that if the Guatemalan legislature had not rejected Blair and Co.'s loan contract, if Minor Keith had not recently negotiated a new settlement of Salvador's finances, if there were no suggestion of a "Pan-American Development Syndicate" in Honduras, and if Brown Bros. and J. and W. Seligman were not interested in Nicaraguan finances, the concern of the present Administration for safeguarding peace and the *status quo* in Central America might be less.

SHANTUNG returns to the bosom of China under dubious conditions. For over a week before the formal transfer of the territory, the city of Tsing-tao was overrun with bandits, leading citizens and officials were captured and held for enormous ransoms, refugees left the city in hordes, and the bandit leaders, taking heart from the example of the Fascisti perhaps, even demanded that the Japanese, on leaving, turn the city over to them rather than to the Chinese Government and the local authorities. An unpleasant aspect of the situation was to be found in the insinuations and open charges exchanged by the Japanese and their Chinese successors. The Japanese intimated that the failure of the Chinese to cope with the situation boded ill for the future government of the province, but said it was quite impossible for Japan to stay longer to put down the trouble. Chinese officials, on the other hand, directly charged that Japanese "subordinates" in Shantung were in league with the bandit leaders and that Japan had failed to deliver to the Chinese police a promised supply of guns, while it was asserted in press dispatches that the bandits had been gathering in the province over a period of many months. Whatever the unpleasant truth may be, Shantung is now in the hands of the Chinese, polite toasts were exchanged when the transfer was made, guns were fired, and no violence has since been reported. The Government at Peking announces that the bandits have been "temporarily appeased" by a payment of $100,000 on their promise to refrain from violence, and that one thousand bandits have been incorporated into the Tsing-tao police force!

THE Sultan's life, the old song tells us, is full of jollity. His wives are many as he will and all of them are safely inclosed in a world-tight harem. Three hundred thousand college boys for generations have melodiously and plaintively wished that they the Sultan's throne might fill. But few of them have done it. It remained for the one man in the United States really fitted for the job to step into the Sultan's shoes as he scuffed them off and fled down the back stairs and out through the kitchen garden. That man is Florenz Ziegfeld. We do not mean to say that he has taken on all the responsibilities and dangers that go with the position of Sultan. He has not even taken on all the wives. But when the abandoned beauties sat mournfully watching the departing back of their protector and lord, Mr. Ziegfeld stepped courageously into the breach and purchased seven of the most Circassian of the beauties to adorn the next instalment of his Follies. And so, being generous and opposed to the Oriental idea of concealing and secluding the female sex, Mr. Ziegfeld not only becomes a sort of Sultan in his own right but gives us all a chance to achieve Sultanhood. We can sit and listen to the most languishing of Turkish love songs from young women reclining on the Sultan's own best sofa cushions, and do it all for a price that, high as it is, falls short of the cost of being a real Sultan. The American college boy's wish may yet come true.

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Fooling the Americans Again

WITH the war four years behind us we are still witnessing efforts to poison the public opinion of America comparable to those by which the Allies "sold" their side of the war to our fellow-countrymen and the Germans vainly endeavored to do so. The news-propagandist did not lay down his arms with the Germans. He has become habituated to their use and he picks them up whenever opportunity offers. The recent events in Turkey have given him every opportunity and—presto, it is our old friends, our blood-brothers, the English, whom we first find at work again. General Harington, acting apparently also for his Allied associates, clamped the lid on in Constantinople. Such news as has been coming out of there has been censored at the source and colored, of course, entirely in the interest of the censors. If anybody is so gullible as to think that anything which has come out of Constantinople in any way does justice to Kemal Pasha, to the Turks, or to their national aspirations, he must be innocent indeed.

What is true in Turkey is true elsewhere. A correspondent of the New York *World*, Mr. F. P. Glass, Jr., who has just returned from India and Egypt, declares that the outside world was not allowed to hear what happened at the recent proclamation of the Sultan at Cairo: "Not a line appeared in the American press on the riots and the strict police control that attended the coronation of the Sultan as King of Egypt. The city of Cairo was under martial law and the censorship was complete. It permitted the world to know that the King had been crowned—just that and no more, and no more could be sent." Mr. Glass wrote various letters upon his observations in Egypt, including a report of the killing of seventeen men out of an army of 7,000 who attempted to storm the Sultan's palace. None of these letters got through to New York; neither did one written from India about the political conditions there. They were "lost in the mails," although letters dealing with personal affairs found their way to their destinations. Mr. Glass was comforted by the fact that he had copies of the lost communications. But, curiously enough, whether by mischance or for some other reason, those copies disappeared from his trunk which spent some unexplained time in the hands of French custom officials. Obviously it is hardly the fault of the mails that our American newspapers are suddenly without news of India—although, as Mr. Glass says, "things are boiling" there; a biased censorship is chronic in India.

The same issue of the *Editor and Publisher* which records Mr. Glass's experiences contains also a graphic account of the severe censorship imposed in Athens during the Greek revolution. There, too, the effort was always a deliberate attempt to control the character of the news; everything had to be written from the Government's viewpoint. It was, for instance, not permissible to herald the coming of the revolution until insurgents actually captured the censor. The spirit in which this is done is evidenced by the attitude of the dictator of Italy. Mussolini has just warned Nitti's newspapers that, unless they cease to print unfavorable news items about the Fascisti, they will be suppressed—this after he has terrorized the Socialist press into silence. How can foreigners hope to form an accurate opinion of Mussolini's achievements when his critics in the Chamber and in the press are muzzled?

Even more interesting is the reappearance here of the foreign propagandist. We confess that we have no objection whatsoever to the trip of M. Clemenceau because he has been open and above-board and quite frank in his efforts. But others do not share our tolerance. Thus, a Republican politician of national prominence writes us: "Aren't Clemenceau's performances 'the limit'? If any American were to go to France and talk to the French as he talks to us, he would be asked to leave the country forthwith—indeed he would be lucky if he escaped physical violence." Clemenceau, it seems to us, has had his proper day in court—and failed. More dangerous, because more sinister, is the reappearance in America of one of the worst offenders against this country, Sir Gilbert Parker. We cannot resist recalling his own words (*Harper's Magazine*, March, 1918) as to how the British propaganda to put us into the war worked:

> I need hardly say that the scope of our propaganda department in America was very extensive and its activity very wide. We furnished a weekly report to the British Cabinet; we kept in constant touch with the permanent correspondents of American newspapers in England; we arranged interviews for these correspondents with prominent Englishmen, and we furnished each newspaper in America with an English newspaper; we influenced the man in the street through the moving-picture shows, articles, and pamphlets; replied to letters of American critics. We advised and stimulated many persons to write articles; we used the friendly services and assistance of confidential American friends. We established associations for propaganda by personal correspondence with influential people in every profession, beginning with university and college presidents, professors, and scientific men, running through all ranges of the population. We made use of the Y. M. C. A., libraries, clubs, and newspapers. We had ten thousand propagandists in America.

We notice that some members of the American Legion are protesting against the alleged German propaganda to be spread here by the executive officer of the Emden, von Muecke. We commend to them the activities of Sir Gilbert Parker and certain British free-lance writers in New York, whose return to England would be welcome.

The only encouraging thing about this propaganda from all sides—notably the anti-Turk campaign which fills our papers—is that in Washington some of our elder statesmen are at last on their guard. Significant, too, is an utterance from the *Editor and Publisher*, a paper which did its share during the war in deceiving the American people. It declares that "war fires are again smoldering at the foundations of Europe's civilization," and that American newspapers are telling the truth where they can, but it affirms that "they cannot present, interpret, or amplify news that is slain in its cradle" and calls upon our press to keep America alert to the "welter of intrigue and secret machinations for national gain that is keeping Europe and its possessions in unending upheaval" so that America can "upset the stupid plans of greedy self-seeking chancelleries of an Old World that seems more senile every day." What that calls for is simply that our papers shall make it their business to question the sources of their news and to adopt the policy of determining to tell the truth. That they have not done as yet. Let us hope that the conversion of the *Editor and Publisher* means that the profession for which it speaks is at last determined to protect the American public from the avalanche of lies and propaganda which is again descending upon it.

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A National Theater

NATIONAL institutes of the arts, academies, theaters—these things are among the handsomest dreams of those whose reputation is founded, whose position is secure, whose desires are now limited to enshrining and perpetuating in brass and marble both what they are and represent. Their mistake is human and pardonable. But it is fatal. It is the poem, the drama, the wisdom itself that must be *aere perennius*. Walls will not keep out the "eating rain," nor render the North wind powerless. The spirit is unimprisonable. Academies may resist solecisms of speech and collaborate on dictionaries. They are bound to be the sworn foes of creation which must involve change. There can be no change that does not, in a measure, negate or revise or reinterpret that which has been and is. But the academicians are always the possessors. And all possessors echo the cry of Wagner's dragon: "I lie here possessing; let me sleep!" Hence it is useless to rehearse the roll of great Frenchmen who were not members of the Academy or the story of how Hauptmann did not get the Schiller prize. This situation is the same everywhere and always. It belongs to the nature of things.

Now, for the second time, we are to have a National Theater. Mr. Augustus Thomas and the Producing Managers' Association have let the word go forth. This new National Theater is to "hold up a lofty standard"; it is to stimulate the study of the drama "in our universities, our colleges, and our schools"; it is to "organize subsidiary associated groups." These are terrible plans and terrible words. What is a "lofty standard"? Beauty, truth, creative vision? They cannot be standardized. The elders of each generation standardize them in their minds, to be sure. And in the names of these standards they deny Molière Christian burial, hail Flaubert to court, denounce Ibsen as a filthy ape, Shaw as a blasphemous jester, Hauptmann as a dangerous revolutionary. So the "lofty standard" will be, as it has always been, the standard of the harmless, polite, agreeable. This standard will, of course, meet with no resistance in our "universities, our colleges, and our schools," since these are already committed to it. We have a perfect vision of advanced classes and proseminars pursuing with anemic eagerness and respectful flutter the study programs of the National Theater: "The Shakespearean Interpretations of Mr. Walter Hampden"; "Why Playwrights Must Be Popular," by Professor Brander Matthews; "Keep the Drama Sweet," by Professor William Lyon Phelps; and "A National Drama is a Patriotic Drama," by Nicholas Murray Butler, Samuel Harden Church, and James W. Gerard. Yes, as the heroes say in the last act of sentimental comedies of intrigue, we see it all; we see it as though it had already happened.

All the gentlemen whose names we have mentioned are on the board of incorporators and directors of the new National Theater. In addition there are George Pierce Baker, David Belasco, Owen Davis, John Drew, William Gillette, Otto H. Kahn, Channing Pollock, Arthur Hobson Quinn, Franklin Haven Sargent, Otis Skinner, Booth Tarkington, Whitney Warren. Very well. But we have a creative theater in America and the beginnings of a creative drama, and where are the representatives of these forces? Where are Eugene G. O'Neill or Susan Glaspell or even Arthur Richman? Where are Robert Edmond Jones or Lee Simonson or Norman Bel Geddes? Where are Robert Milton or Philip Moeller or Frank Reicher? Where are John Barrymore or Grace George or even Jacob Ben Ami? Where, in brief, are the playwrights, scenic artists, directors, actors that represent the hope and the creative vigor of our stage?

Once before we were to have a National Theater. The splendid Century Theater was built, and Mr. Winthrop Ames, an able man and an idealist, was put in charge. Whether it was because of his own limitations or because of the deference he owed the directorate, the fact remains that the venture perished of its own refinement, bloodlessness, propriety, lack of creative vision, and vigor. Nice things were done nicely. No doubt the directors of those days shudder at the uses to which the Century has since been put. But these musical comedies and spectacles and Russian variety shows have in them the principle of life. And only what is alive, only what can establish a genuine contact with human needs and sensibilities is fruitful. All else is sterile—good taste, polite intentions, philanthropic attitudes, noble traditions. Without life these things do not count. That is what the academicians can never understand; that is why, robed in dignity and fame and security, the gibe of small poets survives their pomp and circumstance and the little French wit has the last word over the dignitaries of his day:

> Ci-gît Piron qui ne fut rien,
> Pas même académicien.

The Growing Tax Burden

"WHAT do I care? I don't pay taxes." This, as a retort to those who give warning of increasing burdens, was commoner ten years ago than it is today. One service that the war did was to prove to people generally that they all pay taxes; that the direct charges which are placed on the few are promptly distributed to the entire community in the form of increases in the cost of food, housing, fuel, and other universal needs.

For this reason the budget that President Harding has just submitted to Congress is encouraging in that it shows a decrease in estimated expenditure from $3,703,801,671 the year before to $3,180,843,234 for the year ending June 30, 1924. That is at least a move in the right direction, but Mr. Harding is astray when he suggests that further reduction, if obtained at all, must be made by curtailing the scientific and social services of the Federal government. On the contrary, it should be made by putting the ax to army and navy expenditures and by better measures to prevent fraud and waste in administration. By such means only can we arrest the growing tax burden in the United States.

For the tax burden *is* growing. In spite of the fact that the war ended four years ago our taxes have increased in *actual value* since 1919. The National Industrial Conference Board has recently made a computation which shows that in 1919 Federal taxes amounted to $4,926,000,000. In 1921 they totaled $4,430,000,000. Superficially this appears to be a reduction of 10 per cent, but the Conference Board has taken the trouble to compare both figures with prices in those years which, of course, is the true method of estimating their burden. The 1921 dollar had a purchasing power of 26 per cent more than the 1919 dollar; thus the Federal tax burden of the latter year was actually 13 per cent higher than just after the armistice when the country was still

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staggering under the expense of the vast machine that had been created to fight the Germans. It seems inexcusable, almost inconceivable, that this should be true, and the fact ought to be written big and black upon our political sky as a warning to those who would go on still further tapping the pockets of the public for huge sums with which to pay ship subsidies or a soldiers' bonus, or who demand larger instead of smaller military expenditures.

Stated in terms of its proportion to the national income the tax bill of recent years is equally impressive and disturbing. For the fiscal year 1913-1914 taxes paid to Federal, State, and local governments in the United States represented 6.4 per cent of the national income. By 1919-1920 the ratio had grown to 13 per cent, and by 1920-1921 it had mounted to 14.3 per cent. For the calendar year 1921 one-sixth of the current national income was diverted into tax channels for the support of governmental bodies in the United States.

It is not merely Federal taxes that have been growing. State and municipal taxation has also been spreading upward and outward with hothouse rapidity. In forty-one States investigated by the National Industrial Conference Board it was found that there had been a gain in this latter kind of taxes of 82 per cent in 1919 over the levies of the year 1912. In 1920 the increase over the preceding year was 21 per cent, and in 1921 there was a still further jump of 12 per cent. Taking Federal, State, and local taxes as a whole, the per capita burden in 1919 was heaviest in New York, amounting to $148.38, or 17 per cent of the income. Next in order came Massachusetts ($125.35), Delaware ($124.41), Rhode Island ($115.25), and Michigan ($105.71). Alabama, with $26.47, had the lowest per capita tax. In sixteen States, in 1919, State and local taxation exceeded the Federal levy.

Ever since our great wave of material prosperity during the war we have flattered ourselves that as the richest nation in the world we could spend anything without feeling it. We have talked airily not only of millions but of billions, and nobody has got anywhere in political life on a platform of economy. Owing to huge war profits, and the fact that the country's business is only now beginning to establish itself on a more normal basis, the tremendous increase in taxes has not been severely felt so far, but acute students of industrial affairs realize that our national tax bill—Federal, State, and municipal—is now making inroads on the surplus necessary for economic progress and constitutes a danger to future growth. When one-sixth of the national income goes into taxes—as it did for the calendar year 1921—it is time to scrutinize our accounts. Nor is this all that is going into government expenditure. In addition to the sums considered here—representing only direct taxation—the country is paying an enormous bill in indirect taxation, largely through the operation of the customs tariff, now heavier in the burden that it imposes upon the consuming public than it has been.

All this would not matter so much if we were getting something to show for it in the way of efficient governmental administration or far-reaching public improvements. But we are not. Easy come, easy go, is the inevitable process, and millions are absorbed in actual frauds or inexcusable waste, while millions more are dissipated in naval and military expenditures that menace our national peace. It is time for taxpayers—that is, for everybody—to sit up and take notice.

Cooks as Diplomats

THERE is real inspiration in the suggestion that some wits have made in France that the nation recall its politicians and send forth its cooks as ambassadors. Politicians everywhere may be divided into two classes—bad and worse—but French politicians just now seem a little more muddle-headed and absurd than the rest, whereas French cooks still hold unchallenged their position at the head of the procession. How much better it would have been if, instead of sending over her Briand and her Clemenceau, France had empowered a few first-class chefs to conduct her propaganda and her diplomacy in America. Their ministrations would have warmed our stomachs and our hearts instead of leaving us cold and unsatisfied.

We suggest to the French Government that instead of empty speeches and futile pourparlers it establish a stand on the east steps of the Capitol for the free distribution of *croissants* and *brioches* to tired Congressmen as they emerge at five o'clock after a hard day's work getting an appropriation for a new post office in the home town. Chemically analyzed, a *croissant* is only a piece of dough, but as it tumbles from the oven crisp, brown, and piping hot, it is something to thrill the most jaded palate and soften the hardest heart; while a properly concocted *brioche*, rich, fluffy, and tender, is at once proof of the goodness of this world and promise of a better one to come. We predict that after stowing away free *croissants* and *brioches* for a week on the east steps of the Capitol our Congressmen would unanimously agree to cancel the French debt and ship over a couple of billions in gold as a testimony of our friendly good-will.

And we think tremendous things might be accomplished by attention to individual members of Congress. Take, for instance, the persuasive and mellowing powers that lie in a savory *châteaubriant aux pommes paillées*. There was for many years in Paris a restaurant that exhibited as its street sign a picture of Thackeray in his student days eating *châteaubriant aux pommes paillées* at its board. We have always thought that Thackeray's genius as a writer derived from that diet, and we suspect that if similar fare were smuggled to the table of Senator Borah for a fortnight we should see him introducing a resolution calling for an offensive and defensive alliance with France on any terms that she might choose to name.

But the substitution of cooks for politicians as ambassadors should not be limited to France. It would give her too great an advantage. America, too, should make the change, for she has cooks of great subtlety, capable of winning far more affection and esteem for her abroad than she enjoys now. We would nominate for Paris an old-fashioned Negro mammy from Virginia who would regale French officialdom with fried chicken and corn bread until it worshiped even the oceans that wash our shores. To the Court of St. James's we would send a capable New England grandmother, and we'll bet our top-hat that after she had breezed into Buckingham Palace once or twice with a pot of baked beans, a mince pie, a dozen doughnuts, and a mold of elderberry jelly, there would be no more disagreements with England. In fact, were all our diplomacy to be conducted by cooks, we feel that in six months the whole world would be eating out of our hand, gastronomically and politically—and calling for more.

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Henry Ford Goes Bargain Hunting

THE inquiring layman has a rough-and-ready way of deciding a difficult question by finding out how those whom he trusts or distrusts line up on it. That simple rule will bring him little comfort in the interesting case of Henry Ford's offer for Muscle Shoals. Men like Senators Ladd and Norris are on opposite sides. The Federation of Farm Bureaus and the Federation of Labor favor the offer; the Farmers' National Council opposes it. Selfish real-estate interests are said to be lobbying for it and "the greedy vampire, the fertilizer trust," against it. The tired citizen will have to go to the trouble of making up his own mind.

What is at stake is a plan, partially carried out, for the development of hydro-electric power from the Tennessee River at Muscle Shoals in Alabama, which, supplemented by power derived from the Gorgas steam plant near coal mines over eighty miles away, was to be used in the production of nitrates for explosives. At the close of the war the Government found itself in the possession of the steam plant, the Waco quarry, two nitrate plants, over 4,000 acres of land on which two towns were built, and much valuable equipment in addition to detailed plans for two dams, one of which (dam Number 2, or the Wilson dam) was well under way. Mr. Ford proposes to form a corporation to develop this property on the following terms: (1) It will purchase the two nitrate plants, the Waco quarry, and the Gorgas steam plant together with all equipment for $5,000,000 payable in annual instalments of $1,000,000 each. The total cost of this property to the taxpayers, exclusive of interest, has been $85,343,296. (2) It will lease the dams for 100 years, having first completed them according to government specifications at the Government's expense at an estimated cost of about $50,000,000. At the end of the six-year period estimated as necessary to complete the dams the corporation will pay the Government a rental equal to 4 per cent on the cost of their completion, but it will pay nothing at all on the $17,000,000 already expended on dam Number 2. During the period of building Mr. Ford fixes an aggregate rental over $10,000,000 less than the Government will probably have to pay in interest charges on the new money it must invest. (3) It will pay $55,000 annually for maintenance and repairs to the dams. No provision at all is made for emergency losses due to great floods or other causes. According to much engineering testimony, this amount would prove inadequate even for ordinary upkeep. (4) It will create a sinking fund to meet the $50,000,000 required to complete the dams by paying the Government annually $46,726 which if prudently invested at 4 per cent will at compound interest amount to $49,071,935 at the end of the 100 years. (5) It will keep nitrate plant Number 2 in such condition that it, together with its equipment and personnel, may instantly be taken over by the Government in case of war at "a reasonable compensation" to the company. (6) It will manufacture fertilizer "which shall have the nitrogen content of at least 40,000 tons of fixed nitrogen" annually. On this fertilizer the corporation is to make not more than 8 per cent profit, and a board upon which various farm organizations are to be represented is authorized to inspect its books to enforce this restriction on profit. (Whether it will be obligated to manufacture fertilizer if it cannot do it at a profit is a matter of dispute.) It is to be exempt from the ordinary restrictions of the Federal Water Power Act, which among other things limits the life of all leases to fifty years—half the length of the lease Mr. Ford seeks. Any industrial development will give to the land Mr. Ford thus acquires and to adjoining land already controlled by real-estate speculators an enormous unearned increment for which Mr. Ford's corporation will pay nothing.

Obviously it is not the financial provisions of this offer which have won it its support. They are ludicrously inadequate. The Alabama Power Company, which has a disputed first right to buy the Gorgas plant in case of its sale, has offered $2,500,000 and would probably pay $3,000,000 for it alone—half of what Mr. Ford offers for property which cost the Government $85,000,000! Mr. Ford himself would probably say that part of the Government's loss will be due to its failure to follow his advice and issue paper money instead of interest-bearing bonds to cover the cost of completing the dams. Doubtless his celebrated interview on that subject has disarmed some popular criticism of the bargain he seeks to drive. In Congress, however, the defense of Mr. Ford's financial terms has been confined to the great cost to the Government of letting its investment stand idle, to the risk assumed by Mr. Ford in developing the process of nitrogen fixation, and to the failure of any other corporation to make a more satisfactory offer. But what really commends the offer is a well-earned faith in Mr. Ford's ability and desire to give the farmer cheap fertilizer.

Senator Norris has introduced an interesting alternative plan for the development of the whole enterprise under the Federal Chemical Corporation, an agency to be created and controlled by the Government. The corporation would be empowered to keep one plant in shape to manufacture nitrates for explosives in case of war and meanwhile to make and market fertilizer and to sell surplus electrical power to private concerns. The bill provides for the sale of the Gorgas steam plant to the Alabama Water Power Company and for developing storage dams on the Tennessee. Against this bill is the usual fear of the dangers of political interference and governmental incompetence. That fear is not groundless but we suspect some critics of opposing the plan, not because they fear its failing, but because they dread its success and the precedent it would set in the development of water power for the public advantage rather than for the private profit of one favored corporation. Government engineers capable of building and operating the Panama Canal, and employees capable of the high record of efficiency which a recent survey attributes to the workers in the Federal arsenals, can surely develop hydro-electric power in Alabama. Why not give them a chance?

In any event two arguments—aside from financial considerations—seem to us decisive against the Ford offer. (1) Henry Ford is not immortal. Long before a hundred years have passed all his corporations will lose his guiding hand and be—simply profit-seeking corporations. (2) This generous grant to Mr. Ford would prove a precedent for overturning what little protection the public has gained through the Water Power Act. Mr. Ford's main concern is with cheap power for his own enterprises and not with fertilizer. Cheap fertilizer would be dear at the cost of private monopoly of hydro-electric power. This is the time for the Government to recover for the people their black coal; not to give away their "white coal."

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The Kansas City *Star*—A Waning Luminary

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A GLORIFIED organ of Main Street—thus one is tempted to describe the Kansas City *Star*, probably the most influential daily to be found west of Chicago. Upon its own townspeople its hold is copper-riveted, for it sells about 130,000 copies within urban and suburban limits that hold 450,000 people. More than that, Kansas City regards it as much an institution to be proud of as the new Union Station, or the Elks Club, or the splendid boulevard system. The merchants' associations, the chambers of commerce, and the boosters' clubs are as satisfied with it as with the flag under which they all live. It is part and parcel of the municipality, and he would be rash, indeed, who would attempt to say whether the *Star* made Kansas City famous or Kansas City the *Star*, or even to try to figure out just how much each has contributed to the development of the other.

It is at least clear that the *Star* owes its high estate to its founder, a vigorous, rugged, dominating Westerner, William Rockhill Nelson, who indelibly stamped his dynamic personality upon Kansas City. "*The Star*," says William Allen White, "was the daily W. R. Nelson." Mr. Nelson was, Mr. White avers, an enigma to the other papers, to the politicians, and more or less to the whole town: "To be a gentleman; to be a mugwump; to refuse honest money for a peccadillo about professional ethics; to devote more space to Henry James than to Jesse [the train robber] in Jesse's home town, and still to be a big, laughing, fat, good-natured, rollicking, haw-hawing person who loved a drink, a steak, a story, and a fight—strong men shuddered and turned away from the spectacle. They couldn't be sure whether he was crazy or they were." But in the main these strong men did come to know, to like, and to admire Mr. Nelson even when they could not understand his reasons for suddenly depriving himself of $100,000 a year by cutting off all liquor advertising in his newspaper. That was truly committing the deadly sin of being idealistic and "impractical" in a community whose own ideal was to watch Kansas City grow and to make it hum. They came, however, to understand that the very idiosyncrasies of W. R. Nelson were a city asset. They passed easily over his interest in Henry James and other "highbrows," realizing that a good merchandiser often puts fine paint on the exterior of his shop and little touches within that don't bring in the dollars but create an "atmosphere," just as Bouguereau nudes used at one time to be indispensable to help the traffic in hotel bars. Then the business world of Kansas City did appreciate that there was no better booster than Mr. Nelson for city planning, for parks, boulevards, good roads, pure and sufficient water, and the best possible sanitary methods. These are things that every resident of Main Street appreciates, and advocacy of them treads upon nobody's toes.

On the other hand the Kansas City business men could not so readily understand why Mr. Nelson should assail the traction ring or the gas companies as well as the liquor interests. In his repeated fights against municipal corruption and intrenched special privilege the public gradually recognized that he played the part of a brave and unselfish man. Main Street finally came to applaud him when he stood up for the freedom of the press as when he refused to be dictated to by an advertiser who complained of the *Star's* editorial policy toward him and threatened to withdraw his advertising. "Out you go, and out you stay," Colonel Nelson replied, and his decision was never reversed. Being a pioneer by nature he was able to look into the future and so he became very rich by his fortunate investments in real estate, something that gave his enemies the opportunity to say that his championing a greater and more beautiful city was due to his desire to advance his personal fortunes—a charge as unjust as it was malicious. A short time before his death the forces of corruption and privilege tried to besmirch his reputation with a jail sentence in answer to the admirable fight he was making to reform the administration of justice in the local courts. It was not the desire to make more money that led this restless, middle-aged contractor and bridge-builder into newspaper work, but a genuine desire to serve his community. Unlettered himself, though a user of forceful, cogent, and pointed language and a coiner of characteristic and vigorous phrases, he never wrote a line, but relied upon others to express what was teeming within him. His employees readily caught his spirit and reflected it clearly. The *Star* succeeded precisely as it embodied the qualities of its owner, including his rugged honesty, and precisely as Mr. Nelson would have succeeded in anything he went into by reason of his homely, forceful character, and the sheer weight of his personality. He typifies perfectly what a liberal-minded and brave American newspaper proprietor of limited education and vision could achieve in the Middle West in the last decades of the nineteenth century.

It was in 1880 that Mr. Nelson founded the *Star*, and by 1884 he was in the full swing of the first of his two great adorations—his worship of Grover Cleveland. For Mr. Cleveland he fought, like the New York *Evening Post*, or the New York *Times*, or the *Springfield Republican*, always unselfishly and with the clearest-cut vision that as a daily newspaper-owner he should never take office. He carried his community with him just as he did twenty-eight years later when he threw himself whole-heartedly into the Roosevelt Progressive campaign. There was an extraordinary contrast between Cleveland and Roosevelt; in many respects they were at opposite poles, and for many of the Progressive policies Mr. Cleveland felt only intense opposition. Temperamentally they were as wide apart as the Pacific and the Atlantic. Yet to both Mr. Nelson gave an almost schoolgirlish hero-worship. He was not profound enough or well enough schooled to have deep abiding principles—his turning upon the liquor interests was primarily due not to a moral revulsion or to horror of their trade, but to their attempt to defeat a city charter which he was championing. Roosevelt appealed to him on many grounds; did they not both dearly love a fight? Mr. Nelson was once asked: "Now, Colonel, wouldn't you feel better if tonight you could think that in all this town you had not one enemy when you turn on your pillow to rest?" "No—no, no, by God," Nelson replied, "if I thought *that* I wouldn't sleep a wink." A sound credo for any editor who would serve city and country!

But, if this virile man had his occasional periods of intense devotion to national politics, the success of his dailies (or rather of both his dailies, for he bought the *Times* in 1901 and it has been published ever since as the mornin

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edition of the *Star*), like that of many another daily was built upon its absorption in local affairs. It used to be declared of the rich and prosperous *Brooklyn Eagle* that its staff was schooled always to remember that if a prominent Brooklynite stubbed his toe on Fulton Street that was more important for the *Eagle* than the election of a Governor. The Kansas City *Star* has covered and still covers the news of its community with most painstaking fidelity. But that community early ceased to be Kansas City, Missouri, or Kansas City, Kansas, alone. It is said of it that "Kansas, western Missouri, Oklahoma, northern Texas, Colorado, and New Mexico have grown up on it." No one can spend a couple of hours in the waiting-room of the Kansas City Union Station without realizing that one meets in it more and more varying types of American citizens than in any other one place in America. Kansas City is the gateway to the Southwest, and Colonel Nelson understood this. Kansas in particular was under his wing; it is only within recent years that the Capper press has arisen to challenge the *Star's* predominant editorial influence in the Free Soil State. Colonel Nelson's appeal was always a middle-class, a bourgeois one; hence it waked welcome echoes beyond the home town. He was distinctly on the side of men in the fight between property and men—and yet he had great limitations in that fight. Toward labor he was the beneficent autocrat. He recognized the good labor organizations have achieved, but as an unusually generous employer he resented labor-union demands upon himself. He wanted to have the power to treat his employees well without any walking delegates coming to him to tell what he ought to do or must do.

Plainly, therefore, his social creed was distinctly that of the middle-class liberal of his period. But, as recorded above, he eagerly embraced the "radical" Progressive platform of 1912 and in spots went even further than it did. Mr. Roosevelt he later appointed a contributing editor; under the spell of his leadership Mr. Nelson broke away from older traditions to become a fierce exponent of a militant, "prepared," armed America, without realizing how inconsistent that was with the tenets of true democracy, or how repulsive and hostile it must be to both his middle-class and laboring-man audience, or what a break it represented with the soundest American ideals.

Now how have the death of Mr. Nelson and the liberalism-destroying World War affected the Kansas City *Star?* Where does it stand today? Having been placed in the hands of trustees under his will to be held until the death of his daughter, Mrs. Kirkwood, and then to be sold to create an art foundation in Kansas City—what could be more characteristically American than Mr. Nelson's leaving his great estate for the development of *art,* something that every good, red-blooded Kansan looked down upon in 1880 as the creation of weaklings and idlers, something that was most conspicuously absent in the surroundings of his lifetime? What does the *Star* teach us as to the possibilities in America of a trusteed, if not endowed, newspaper?

Well, primarily, it gives us no encouragement. The *Star* of today is but a part of what it used to be, particularly since the retirement from its staff of Mr. Dante Barton, its former chief editorial writer. Although every effort has been made conscientiously to walk in the footsteps of William R. Nelson, that original personality has not been replaced and we see once more, as in the case of the New York *World,* what happens when a vigorous editor-owner disappears and there is no direct spiritual successor. The management of the Kansas City *Star* is the same, yet it is hard to read it and to believe that this daily once had a nation-wide reputation for force and vigor of utterance. It has become more than ever the paper of, by, and for Main Street. The World War *has* dulled its liberalism; it is kindly and has plenty of zeal for righteousness and goodwill, but it is no longer ardent and passionate, not even in its defense of the now doomed and discredited Kansas Industrial Court. It even finds it necessary, as after the last election, to print an editorial pointing out the measures it espoused which were approved at the polls. In the spring election of 1922, the *Star's* mayoralty candidate, an able Republican, was defeated by some 13,000 votes. The truth is that its devotion to Colonel Nelson is at once a help and a hindrance, while its knowledge that its career under its present auspices is limited to a single span of life is obviously having a deteriorating effect upon it. It is even charged that this has led the present management to place far more stress upon money-making than has heretofore been the case.

Colonel Nelson's memory has, however, fortunately prevented its lowering its high typographical standards. If there are those who wish to see how respectable American newspapers looked before the days of Pulitzer, the second James Gordon Bennett, and Hearst, before the coming of 8-column ribbon headlines or comic strips of the Mutt and Jeff type of intellectuality, they need merely buy a Kansas City *Star.* Its present managers follow Colonel Nelson's injunction never to issue a comic section or a pictorial supplement. Our most prominent Eastern newspapers could take lessons from it in its admirable condensation of their usually overwritten news stories. It is living proof that our American dailies could abandon their typographical eccentricities if they would, and still make money. The *Star's* news is also as good as it was in Colonel Nelson's day and it has distinctly increased the value of its Washington service and its reports from other quarters. In its devotion to baseball it is loyally American, and it prints some good cartoons. It is in its editorial page that its effort to cling precisely to Colonel Nelson's policies is a chief hindrance. For times have changed enormously, and a newspaper cannot in this hour remain merely static and retain its prestige or influence. Colonel Nelson himself was not of that type; he could switch easily from the relative conservatism of Cleveland's day to the "radicalism" of Roosevelt. Today a critical reading of the Kansas City *Star's* editorial page inevitably produces the impression that the paper's expression is not free and that it is not measuring up to the opportunity of leadership which should be its privilege as it used to be. Whether it is in part the dead hand of the war, whether it is in part a lack of editorial acumen and virility, or whether it is the effort to formulate in each case merely what Colonel Nelson might say, the effect is there.

More than that, its news columns are warped by its editorial attitudes. For instance, it is still for large armaments for preparedness—after the World War has shown their total futility to protect anybody in Europe—and so it gave about an inch of space to the visit to Kansas City of the head of the Disarmament Council, and refused to send out his message over its radio, the use of which it has since turned over to Jack Dempsey, the pugilist, with his inspiring message as to how quickest to pound a man to pulp.

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Its belief is that a nation's ideals are of no value except as they are backed up by armies and ships, but it is so fearful of the soundness of that doctrine that it will not give its readers a chance to read the "fallacies" of its opponents. It denounces the teaching of peace in the schools but it will give room to no replies. In other words, its present code of ethics makes it commit the grave sin of compressing or suppressing news about people or things it detests bitterly.

The *Star* still boasts that it is independent politically and not partisan, yet its partisanship is obviously of the intensest whatever and whomever it supports. Undoubtedly, it still has liberal impulses which make it stand against child labor and for workmen's compensation and other social reforms, but it no longer advocates unpopular causes with the fervor of William R. Nelson, if it takes them up at all. During the war it was in the forefront of the heresy hunters and those who believe the absurdly un-American doctrine that the political and economic beliefs of men like Eugene V. Debs can be changed or be made less effective by locking them up in jail. Its abominable persecution of Rose Pastor Stokes was a case in point and an utter disgrace to it. It warmly supported Governor Allen in his effort to close the mouths of Kansans under the Industrial Court Act (which one of its editors is believed to have drafted) —and was promptly rebuked by its Kansas following. In 1921 it had 78,143 readers of its daily and 89,542 readers of its weekly edition in Kansas, but, as is the case with so many other American newspapers, it made the discovery that even with its large circulation its advice was once more not taken—Kansas went Democratic in the election of 1922. For lack of any other near-metropolitan paper Kansans buy it—an extraordinarily active and effective circulation department, which employs men to do nothing else but call on its outlying subscribers and ascertain their views, adds to the number of its readers—but they reserve the American right to think for themselves. Most of them seem to believe that the *Star* is as vigorous a crusader as one could expect of a rich and successful money-making enterprise owned by an estate.

In this they are wrong. Its editorials are brief—but two columns or less daily, and without distinction or charm. Rarely do they betray the hand of the expert or the knowledge with which Mr. Barton frequently illuminated, and contributed to, the discussion of industrial matters. The appeal to Main Street is to be found in entirely safe editorials on October Conversation, A Little Margin of Time Well Employed, Education and Bigotry, The Menacing Frock Coat, Autumn's Court Is Open, A Young Millionaire's Escapades. In its issue of Sunday, October 1, 1922, of its four editorials, the first dealt briefly with a remark of Senator Borah's on the need of unity in Europe. The others were entitled The Secret of Eternal Youth, In the Old Home Town, and Personal Liberty and Hogs. There is extraordinarily little to suggest to the reader that American labor is desperately unhappy or that the plight of the farmer, so distressing to himself, is keeping the *Star's* editors awake at night. Not even the Ku Klux Klan's activities stir them to passion or to a moving appeal; they conclude a half-approving editorial on it in these words: "Many good citizens have been attracted by the appeal of the Klan to remedy certain specific evils. But the *Star* earnestly urges those who contemplate responding to the Ku Klux admonition for a religious test in politics to consider the disastrous effect on the national life of the general adoption of such a course"—this of an organization which has set itself to usurping some of the functions of our State governments. As for other issues of the day, it has always championed the direct primary and prohibition as it has upheld Attorney General Daugherty's rulings against liquor on American ships and his vicious anti-strike injunction.

In its stand on European politics, the *Star* is opposed to the Wilson policies. It writes in italics of what we should have had to do in Armenia had we taken a mandate for that territory, and it heartily rejoices because after we have done our part in producing the present unhappy conditions in Europe we have withdrawn from every effort to restore the Continent to a normal life. Indeed, one searches its editorials in vain for any adequate appreciation of the gravity of the European crisis, of its daily increasing seriousness, of the steady disintegration of the Central Powers with the consequent injury to France, Italy, and England, or of any understanding that if Europe collapses the effect cannot be other than disastrous to America which, to cite only one fact, sells six or seven out of every ten bales of cotton it raises to countries now fast approaching bankruptcy. As for Russia, every conventional American shiver as to the teachings of bolshevism passes down the *Star's* virtuous Middle-Western spine; it cannot understand how anybody could dream of turning his back upon what it calls "the cooperative (!) system on which the world outside of Russia is organized."

In other words, the Kansas City *Star* supplies most excellent Main Street fodder. It sees no deeper under the surface than its Rotary or Kiwanis Club neighbors. It knows nothing of the profounder economic issues, and by its inherited tradition it is compelled to treat the United States of today just as if the world had not been turned over and stood upon its head since 1914. To it, erstwhile apostle of Rooseveltian progressiveness, the election of 1922 with its wonderfully encouraging note of political independence, its amazing evidences of discrimination on the part of the voters of many States, with its swinging back of the pendulum in Montana, Arizona, Kansas, Minnesota, and many other States to sanity, independence, and the old-fashioned American ideals of liberty and free speech, was nothing but "A Hell-Raisers' Election"—the "flocking [of voters] to the men who promised to kick the table over, even though these men could not possibly bring any real help"! Obviously the *Star* will continue to prosper. But woe to it if a prophet with a vision should come to Kansas City!

Perhaps it might be well if it were sold now to provide art treasures for the public. The prospect stirs the imagination. But if it should then fall into the hands of a Hearst the evil it might do would perhaps offset even a liberal popular education in beauty and in the craftsmanship of the greatest interpreters of life through the arts and crafts. What should happen is the taking over of the *Star* by some group of public-spirited men and women who might feel perhaps like suppressing its partisanship, and could agree on building a daily journal which should be a great community organ and interpreter of all the currents of life of the various human elements which go to make up an American city. Probably we cannot hope for the coming true of such a dream. The *Star* succeeds because Main Street is satisfied with it. When Main Street progresses, when those who live upon either side of it have gone stages further, then shall we have in it a lodestar and not merely a mouthpiece of narrow and mediocre respectability.

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Progressive Canton in Eclipse

By A. E. ZUCKER

ONE of the recent discoveries of American journalists in China was the progressive and efficient government of Canton. British news agencies had always spoken of it as impractical, as standing in the way of a united China, even as bolshevistic. But in 1921 several liberal Americans visited Canton, with the result that the city was presently made known to Americans as the seat of a liberal government, reasonably free from corruption, and following American democratic policies. General Chen Chiung-Ming was called the hope of China, the most capable and the least objectionable of all the military governors in the tuchun-ridden republic. Sun Yat-Sen was regarded as an able President for Southern China, even though his "legal" government was considered a bit academic and his northern expedition Quixotic. Canton became the one glimpse of hope in the gloomy corruption of Chinese politics. All of this is now changed. Chen Chiung-Ming has driven out Sun Yat-Sen, and with the veteran of the Revolution have gone the idealists in the Government. The reforms which had been bravely begun by the former Government are at a standstill. The experts who had been put into office under the commission form of government have been replaced by politicians of the familiar Chinese type. In the field of education the progress of the last year has been set back, and the teachers have not received their pay since the new Government came into power in June. The city has been looted by Chen Chiung-Ming's soldiers and bombarded by Sun Yat-Sen, with the result that business has suffered tremendously. The new Government faces the further difficulty of an inheritance from Sun of twenty million in paper which has now only 60 per cent of its original value.

The men in the present Government are not anxious to talk to correspondents. Together with another journalist I applied through the American consul for interviews. Chen Chiung-Ming offered the celebration of his mother's birthday as a reason for not seeing us; while the new civil Governor, Chen Hsi-Jui, made an appointment and at the time fixed asked his secretary to invite us to see a subordinate instead. We refused to talk to the subordinate, and an hour later we were told that Chen Hsi-Jui would be glad to see us. The new Governor holds office by the grace of Chen Chiung-Ming and an election by the assembly in the course of which Chen's representative used a revolver to punctuate the arguments for the election of the right candidate. The new Governor is a thin, gray man of about fifty-five, who has been a merchant in Hongkong for many years.

Asked what the policy of his government was going to be, he said that, first of all, they had to put their house in order. This meant, chiefly, returning the currency to par and disbanding the army. For freeing his government from the burden of militarism he advanced the most Chinese plan imaginable. He had given orders that the soldiers should be roused for drill at early dawn and kept at it so long as the hot sun shone. He anticipated that many of the soldiers would not like the long marches and would therefore return to their farms. By this means the state would be saved the expense of paying off the soldiers and yet nobody's feelings would be hurt—all in conformity with Confucius's teachings that one must not speak out harsh truths. That the deserters armed with good government rifles would certainly join the bandit hordes which infest the province did not enter the statesman's calculations.

It is a well-known fact that goods entering Canton all go first to Hongkong there to be reshipped. Sun Yat-Sen had been fostering a plan to deepen the channel of the Pearl River and to build docks at Whampoa, so that ocean liners might come directly to Canton. Asked about the Whampoa Docks, the Governor said that he thought them quite unnecessary, since Hongkong is a free port and the Cantonese could trade best through the British. Peace with his neighbors was what he wanted and he was not such a selfish man as Sun Yat-Sen who had irritated the British by his plans to make Canton a port and had nursed vague dreams of uniting China. Moreover, Dr. Sun, he charged, was a Bolshevik, although, in reply to a question, he admitted that Sun Yat-Sen had not received money from the Russians.

As to the reunited Parliament now meeting in Peking he did not believe in giving it support even to the extent of paying the salaries of the members from Kwantung. A united China and a strong centralized government after all was a pious wish requiring for its realization, he said, at least fifty years. When it was suggested that aggressive Powers would probably prefer this very state of affairs—a disunited China in which they could secure favorable concessions from the separate provinces rather than from a central government—he shrugged his shoulders and observed once more that it was most unfortunate.

Sun Yat-Sen is now a refugee in the French Concession in Shanghai. When I saw him there he defended himself energetically against the charge of impractical idealism. His present downfall he ascribed to treachery on the part of a friend, an exigency against which nobody could or would guard himself. He said that fifteen years ago he had been called an idealist because he had spoken of a Chinese republic, and yet it came about. He had advised China to stay out of the war, while the "practical politicians" who had urged her entrance for reasons of expediency had been very silent ever since the Versailles Conference. When the Parliament had been dissolved in 1917 he had insisted on the "impractical demand" that it be reassembled as a symbol of the legal government—which is exactly what was done a few months ago in Peking. And lastly he had demanded that the illegally elected President, Hsu Shih-Chang, be removed from office—which also had been brought about in June through the pressure of public opinion.

It is certain that about this veteran of the Revolution the progressive elements in Chinese politics could be most easily collected; but it would be a mistake to consider him an ideal leader. He has estranged the sympathies of most Northern progressives by his union with Chang Tso-Lin and other notorious reactionaries. He offended many of his worshipers by getting rid of his wife and marrying a young girl student. During the attack on his presidential mansion in Canton last June he took this wife at her word when she asked him "to save himself for China" and left her behind while he raced for safety on a battleship. Then, when he feared that his wife had been killed, he bombarded the city of Canton because he was "beside himself" over her supposed death. His northern expedition also lost him many followers, but in spite of all this, it is a patent fact that with Sun Yat-Sen has gone the hope of progressivism and independent development in Canton.

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Rockefeller's Good Intentions in Somerset County

By NORMAN THOMAS

SOMERSET County, Pennsylvania, coal miners have much food for thought—they have little enough of any other food—on the folly of too great trust in good intentions. There were the employees of the Berwind-White mine, for instance, who dig the coal for New York subways. They thought that the great city of New York might perhaps care if it heard the condition of worse than feudal serfdom under which their coal was mined. And the city, or its officials, did care long enough to send an investigating committee to Somerset County. That was before the election. Since the election the committee has not yet reported. If and when it does report it will doubtless condemn the Berwind-White Company, but there is no evidence that any member of the city administration has given one-half hour's thought to the question of ways and means by which the city might be assured the right to demand decent conditions for the workers who produce the coal it needs.

The miners of the Consolidation mines had a more immediate hope in the good intentions not of a consumer of coal but of one of the principal owners. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is one of the largest individual stockholders in the Consolidation Company although he does not own a majority of the stock. His statement in favor of a settlement of the strike and workers' representation in the industry was much applauded. Before and after that statement his personal representatives on the Board of Directors, had worked intelligently, courageously, and disinterestedly to modify the harsh autocracy of the company. They had given representatives of the United Mine Workers semi-confidential assurances that the company "would do something to bring peace." This something was not recognition of the union by the acceptance of the Cleveland agreement—that the majority of the directors refused to grant—but correction of abuses and the scheme of employees' representation without discrimination against the union. The actual plan provided for:

(1) An employees' committee for each mine consisting of three employees elected from and by the employees of the mine; (2) an employees' commissioner who should devote his entire time to the interests of the employees; (3) an operator's commissioner who should devote his entire time to the interests of the employers; (4) a joint board of review consisting of three employees and three officials of the operator; (5) an umpire.

On the basis of these assurances the miners' pickets refrained from picketing the New York offices of the Consolidation and of Mr. Rockefeller at the time they picketed the offices of the Berwind-White Company. The miners expected a public announcement of this new policy but were told that it was desirable that the Consolidation should first get smaller mining companies in the same territory to accept this plan. In this attempt the Consolidation failed. The other operators in conferences that must have been sufficiently dramatic denounced Mr. Rockefeller and the Consolidation as "scabs." (Solidarity, it appears, is a virtue among operators in their own eyes whatever it may be among their employees.)

After this failure the Consolidation Company still refrained from making a public statement, but it was understood that it would put the plan into effect. But before anything constructive was done, early in November a superintendent of one of the Consolidation Company's mines in Somerset County began circulating duplicates of the famous West Virginia "yellow-dog" contract. This, it will be remembered, is a document which *"to preserve to each individual the full fruits of his own labor"* (italics mine) stipulates that that individual shall not join any labor union, or aid, encourage, or approve the organization of any labor union. Where this contract is in force efforts of the United Mine Workers to organize the men can be enjoined by the courts under the Hitchman decision. When the strike leaders discovered this move they reported it to Raymond Fosdick, one of Mr. Rockefeller's representatives. He was able to stop the circulation of the contract but not until much harm had been done. Next came word from Jenners that Joe Demodo, a storekeeper who was housing twelve families of striking miners in his building, had been told that he must put them out or that the Consolidation Company which controlled the water supply would turn it off from his building. In due time and by hard labor Mr. Fosdick averted this injustice also.

Then without public announcement the company began to put into effect its plan. It called elections at various mines to choose the workers' representatives. Obviously the only ones who could vote were strike-breakers, some of them alleged to be gunmen, and those union men who, constrained by hunger, had drifted back to work. While the best of the miners, the men whose heroism and dogged endurance had brought about the proposed improvement in conditions, were still camped with their families on the cold Pennsylvania hillsides, men who had not the courage to fight for their families and their class or who were the tools of the company were given whatever rights the strikers had won.

Such is the story of the Rockefeller plan of representation in industry as it works out in Somerset County, Pennsylvania. Is it any wonder that the striking miners are suspicious of the good faith of those who introduced the plan—so suspicious that it is quite likely that they may reject it, insist on the Cleveland agreement, and go down, if go down they must, fighting like men? There is reason to believe that Mr. Rockefeller is sincere. There can be no doubt of the good faith of his representative on the directorate of the Consolidation. He has fought a good fight against odds. I believe that the extraordinary happenings in Somerset County are due to the stupidity or the deliberate sabotage of the Consolidation officials on the field. But however genuine are Mr. Rockefeller's good intentions, it is quite evident that they have so far been ineffective in Somerset County. If he had desired to provide himself with the luxury of a liberal reputation while actually adhering to the old autocracy, his representatives could hardly have acted more effectively to compel self-respecting miners to reject what the public will be told is a fair scheme of industrial representation. Perhaps one reason that the Consolidation officials in Somerset felt free to manhandle the Rockefeller plan was because they suspected that subordinate officials and friendly officers of the State had done that very thing successfully in other mines—in Colorado, for instance.

It may not be too late to save something in Somerset County. If the Consolidation Company will immediately make public its plan, ask the striking workers to return on

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the basis of it, nullify elections held in their absence, hold new elections, and assure the men that there will be no discrimination against the United Mine Workers, the good faith of the company will be vindicated and some progress made toward rescuing Somerset County from a non-benevolent feudalism. Not even this step, however, will remove suspicion from the minds of the workers.

Of course this tale has a moral—two morals in fact, both of which are fairly obvious. The first is that the workers need a national union if they are to argue on anything like even terms with the employers. So long as coal companies own jobs, towns, public officials, no plan of employee representation within the company will rest on a sure foundation or adequately protect employees against their immediate superiors. Until Mr. Rockefeller recognizes this elementary fact and proves both his knowledge and his good intentions by dealing directly with the union, it will be hard to credit him with much of a contribution to social peace. Perhaps he would have preferred, if possible, to persuade the Consolidation Company to sign the Cleveland agreement for the Somerset mines, as it signed that agreement under pressure of the union for its West Virginia mines. On the basis of the agreement he could then have introduced an additional scheme of employee representation which would have meant a real advance in the government of industry. Perhaps it was lack of power rather than desire which blocked this form of settlement. But it is a noteworthy fact that Mr. Rockefeller's own statement nowhere contains any hint that he recognizes the part a national union must play in any genuine approach to industrial democracy.

The second moral goes even deeper. The story of Somerset County is the story of the inevitable injustice of even a well-intentioned absentee ownership. Mr. Rockefeller has learned something since the Ludlow tragedy. He has done what he could to get competent representatives who do familiarize themselves with conditions in mines where he holds stocks. Even so, these men are not as big as the system. Not they but the officials immediately in charge make or mar every experiment in industrial self-government. Good intentions are a credit to any individual but well-intentioned individuals can never satisfactorily reform an industrial system whose cornerstone is the right of the absentee owner to hire men whose lives he controls because he controls that by which they live. Today capital hires the producers. When a system has been evolved by which the producers hire what capital they need then and not until then will the sorrowful story of Somerset County no longer be repeated.

Ricardo Flores Magon

By GILBERT O'DAY

THESE are memories I carry with me of a man who died a few days ago in a Kansas prison.

A stretch of green land, fifty or sixty acres, on an island, fenced off with barbed-wire and guarded by men in high towers. The sea is the natural high wall of this prison. Here Jesse James—so a legend runs—passed while escaping from an Oregon penitentiary, and seeing the guards in the high towers he leveled his rifle, letting loose a volley of shot, thereby endangering his own escapade but appeasing a strong sentiment in his own heart. This story is told to every newcomer to the prison in the spirit of the mother who crooned to her baby:

> But for this womb that has borne thee in pain,
> For these dry breasts thou hast tortured so long,
> For the despair of my life, my lost hope,
> And for the song of the dawn that I sing,
> Die like a man by the ax or the rope,
> Spit on their God and stab our good king.

The McNeil Island Penitentiary is a small Federal institution located in the State of Washington holding no more than three hundred prisoners. It is an old, old prison. The two or three stucco buildings are not modern shelters with modern conveniences, but neither do they carry the curse of uniformity so predominating in the prison structures of today. There is a dignity in those old buildings, a dignity derived not only from humility and age and the many woes poured into their walls, but from something that was put into the lines and curves and niches by a simple-hearted man who labored over blue-prints. Never while working on the outside or resting under the shadows of those old stucco walls did we feel the terrible strength and the terrible threat the usual walls mean to a prisoner. The walls were kind and soft to us.

Separated from the two old stucco buildings was a still older shack—a dugout, in appearance some ancient prehistoric house, in form a triangle. It was the vegetable house of the prison. In front of it on a low stool one spring day sat an old man—or so he seemed to me—with bent back, peeling potatoes, the peelings falling to the ground in a continuous, slow, rhythmical motion. Never once did the man lift his head or straighten his back, but automatically would he put his hand into a tub for a potato and peel, peel, peel, the peelings falling to the earth below. He was the potato man in the vegetable house—Ricardo Flores Magón.

Not many social malcontents resided at McNeil's Island, and when a new guest made his appearance it was an event for the political prisoners. It meant uncensored news about movements and brothers on the field of battle. It meant a breath of fresh air from one still undefiled by the prison environment. And at the weekly baseball games we were all thrown together in the open air where arm in arm we paraded unspied on and momentarily free to unfold ourselves. There Magón first questioned me about happenings in the outside world—the Russian Revolution, the Mooney case, the Seattle general strike. He was immensely interested in the stature of the radical press. And above all was the spirit moving the workers at the present time deep and lasting or just a passing mood in the air?

We were together six months before he was moved to a Kansas prison, a larger prison where hospital facilities were better than in our old stucco house. And in those six months I learned to know the olive-complexioned man from Mexico and to understand why the workers of that southern land put their faith in him and loved him although his speech and carriage and very physiognomy were so different from their own. He was of the intelligentsia; the land never knew him and he had not smelled the smell of hard labor. But there was not a Mexican worker in that prison—and there were many—who would not have laid down his life to give Magón a free and easy hour.

The Friday afternoon ball games were played but a few feet from the shore of the waters where we would walk up

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and down in appointed places between guards, and there Magón would talk of the things nearest his heart. Seagulls were making graceful dips over our heads. Our fellow-convicts were cheering their side to victory. Among all that pent-up steam of a week let loose, Magón would talk of Tolstoi and Ibsen and Wilde and Shaw and Gorki. He was immensely interested in the technique of the drama. His was the outlook of the social propagandist, and some dramas of his were being produced by the workers in Mexico as well as in Southern California. He questioned me about the new strong forces appearing on the American horizon in the field of literature and labor. He had waited so long, so long! Although still middle aged he could give a backward glance of thirty or more active years in the revolutionary movement, many of them spent behind long and thin irons.

Times have changed. Governments also have changed many times in the country of his birth. Men who in his early youth shared his enthusiasms for an anarchist society finally succumbed at the half-way post after the collapse of Díaz and assumed the powers of state. He talked of these men—his friends and coworkers of an earlier day—now governors of states, ministers, and presidents of the republic, with sometimes a ruptured and perhaps a bitter note in his voice, but not an unkind word left his mouth. And at a later time when these very men recalled that a former comrade of theirs was in prison, their government as a token of their belief in the man Magón pensioned him for life. Magón in a letter from prison replied thanking these men in a most friendly fashion, but in no uncertain terms, reiterating his first principles—his belief in an anarchist society and the utter impossibility of an anarchist accepting any favors from a state—he declined the gift.

Attached to him with all his full flowing spirit, as a symbol of Magón's whole life, stood the great-hearted little peasant Librado Rivera. Magón, the intellectual, was a sad man. Rivera, the peasant, was a happy man. All day long working on the prison farm close to the sweet-smelling earth, digging away, he would come back tired, very tired, for Rivera was getting on in years, but always happy and never too tired to follow closely the military movements of the bolshevik army. His simple and beautiful face—the face of the peasant—was always our barometer to the movements of the Red Army. For many years Rivera had worked with Magón on their paper *Regeneración*, struggling with him, hungering with him, going to prison with him. He was Magón's consolation. And when Magón was finally transferred to Leavenworth on the prison physician's recommendation, little Rivera, the happy one, was a broken man. Months passed and the many requests of Rivera to the warden to be transferred to the same place of confinement as his lifelong friend were all futile. There were not enough convicts as it was at McNeil's, and a transfer generally reflected on the local prison authorities. But friends on the outside were also at work and finally the order to move came from Washington. With many powerful Western curses the warden shipped Rivera off to Leavenworth.

So these are memories I carry with me of a man who died a few days ago in a Kansas prison. And when my mind reaches back to those days in prison and to the man Magón I can see clearest of all the dilapidated vegetable house and a man with bent back on a low stool and potato peelings falling with slow rhythmical motion to the ground.

In the Driftway

LIKE everybody else of whom he has ever heard the Drifter is misunderstood. He took issue the other day with the suggestion of Ernest H. Gruening that New York City is nothing but a pile of iron and masonry where the green things of nature do not and cannot grow. Having done this, the Drifter thought it was only common politeness to add a word of commendation; he agreed that privacy in courtship was a difficult matter but he was generous enough to mention an old pier on Corlear's Hook where one might enjoy almost the solitude of the Garden of Eden. Instead of thanks for this valuable secret, in comes a denunciatory letter from a person signing himself "the Floater." "Didn't you never have no girl?" the Floater asks belligerently, or words to that effect. He then goes on to state that New York City is the lover's paradise; that one can see more wooing there in a day than in all the rest of the country in a year.

* * * * *

OF course one can. One can see pretty nearly all the wooing that it is possible to do. Which is precisely the Drifter's point—not that there is no wooing, but that it must be and is done in public. The Drifter almost hesitates to stroll through Central Park of a summer evening. It seems like intruding upon the couples that fill every bench—often two or more on the same one. But the semi-privacy of Central Park is by no means necessary. A seat anywhere not directly under an arc light will do. The Brooklyn Bridge and the city's other over-the-river spans are lovers' lanes in all but zero weather. The tops of the Fifth Avenue buses are meeting places for young couples in all seasons, and any young man who comes back from Coney Island on a summer night's excursion steamer without a girl's head upon his shoulder must feel mighty conspicuous. In winter the purlieus for love-making are more restricted, but there are always the motion-picture theaters —and even the subway.

* * * * *

WHAT the Floater, with the incapacity natural to such flotsam and jetsam, failed to point out, is that in many respects a crowd is an advantage and not a drawback in courtship. There is a loneliness in a crowd that is proverbial; likewise there is a kind of privacy. It is the privacy of indifference to those about you. You don't care what they see or hear because they don't know you. The scraps of intimate conversation that one overhears on any street car or sidewalk of New York testify to this feeling.

* * * * *

THEN, too, the crowd serves as a smoke screen. Is there a small town in American where John can call on Mary without Tom, Dick, and Harry knowing it? Yet in New York it may be done in serene secrecy—the secrecy of the unknown and unknowing herd. A block away from his home or his place of work the average man is obliterated. John may even call on a different Mary on successive nights, and none be the wiser. But of this, of course, the Drifter knows only by hearsay and will not speak. Besides he has said enough already, he hopes, to silence the Floater. Next time that individual writes in he should sign himself "the Sinker." He is beyond his depth.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Early Returns from the 15,000-Reader Campaign

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is my earnest desire to indorse heartily the independent policy of *The Nation*. Your publication should appeal to every person of liberal political opinion. It gives the American public the facts, and not an editorialized version to suit any particular class. It is my hope that *The Nation* will continue in the future, as it has done in the past, to adhere closely to the great principles of journalism upon which it was founded.

JOHN J. BLAINE, Governor

Executive Chamber, Madison, Wis., November 11

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I find it hard to imagine anyone at all interested in the problems of American democracy, in the problems of the oppressed races, in the effort to destroy American, British, and other imperialism, not being a subscriber to *The Nation*.

As one who recognizes the leadership of the Third International in the work of replacing capitalism with Communism, there are necessarily definite differences between my point of view and that of *The Nation*. There are, however, mighty few journals which I consider of greater value to correct thinking than *The Nation*. I wish you success in your effort to increase your list of subscribers so as to make *The Nation* self-sustaining. *The Nation* must be made self-sustaining, and I have no doubt that its friends will make it so in very short order.

New York, November 17 BENJAMIN GLASSBERG

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been a regular subscriber to *The Nation* for our high school for the past three months but I have come to the conclusion that such "one-sided radicalism" as is published in your paper is not fit literature to put in the hands of children. I like to have my pupils read current political literature if a fair-minded discussion is given of all sides of the question at issue, but I would not have them read the discussions which have been written by a few narrow-minded radical Socialists and Bolshevists and published in *The Nation*. I shall feel greatly favored if you will quit sending your paper to my address.

Dallas, Iowa, November 28 E. C. KINCAID

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With pleasure and anticipation I am subscribing to the most civilized journal in America, even though it does not express my socialism.

New York, November 29 JOSEPH GOLLOMB

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I believe that *The Nation* stands now head and shoulders above any other paper in this country in its advocacy of fairness toward the colored people, and I am happy from time to time to call the attention of our people to this position. I shall mention with pleasure the campaign you are making for new subscribers, as I believe you should have a large number of readers among the colored people.

Philadelphia, Pa., November 13 R. R. WRIGHT, JR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I know of no better plan to get new subscribers for *The Nation* than to follow the advice of D. L. Moody, who once said "the best way to reach sinners is to go out after them." I would be only too glad to meet a committee of subscribers at any time, and will be glad to do anything I can to help get them together, and the sooner the better.

If twenty-five hundred people in Iowa would take *The Nation* and the *Searchlight*, as I have been doing for years, it would put a different phase on matters political in this State. I do not think that the "political liberalism" of which you speak indicates very much but is prompted by that desire for a change which we have seen manifested in recent years. It reminds me of a rabbit going around in a circle, and has not gotten us anywhere.

Davenport, Iowa, December 3 H. A. WISE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Although I publicly and privately, right and left, recommend *The Nation* to the public and my friends, I do not know of anyone whom I can actually persuade to subscribe; but I send my subscription, in advance, for *The Nation* is about the most truly Christian newspaper in New York.

Pulaski, N. Y., December 1 WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writing of a check, even a $5 check, is always a "major operation" on a poverty-stricken editor, but I never wrote a check more cheerfully than this one—for a year's subscription to *The Nation*. Consider me a perpetual subscriber, as long as the editorial policy of *The Nation* looks forward instead of backward.

New York, October 20 GLENN FRANK

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am in receipt of your letter addressed to Wisconsin liberals. There may be those who will subscribe for your publication on the strength of Mr. La Follette's indorsement but I am not one of them. You do not name the other paper which he included in his select list of those "worth reading"—but no doubt it was his own dispenser of half-truths and class hatred. Had he said "dailies" no doubt he would have meant Hearst's sheets or Victor Berger's mouthpiece.

If these represent the class to which *The Nation* is pleased to affiliate itself then indeed may its covers never open in my home. I am not familiar enough with *The Nation* to pass final judgment upon its position, but your own letter has made me exceedingly suspicious. There are limits which to me are sacred. I hope you will feel constrained to stay within them.

Wausau, Wis., December 4 H. H. HUMPHREY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to thank you most sincerely for the opportunity to help you by responding to your appeal for new subscriptions. *The Nation* has been for the last five years my most reliable guide in unbiased analysis. Your scope, sincerity, and resourcefulness are beyond comparison. *The Nation* is the only magazine I will not be without. It is my pleasure and duty to help you. Kindly accept a check to cover one additional subscription.

Gary, Ind., November 21 HENRY M. CUDROFF

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Thank you for your congratulations on my election. I was much interested in Mr. Hedges's article, which is a rather remarkable analysis of the campaign just closed. I have been a reader of *The Nation* for some years and can sincerely say that I consider it one of the best periodicals in the country.

HENRIK SHIPSTEAD, Senator-elect

Minneapolis, Minn., November 21

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Send *The Nation* as my gift to this political prisoner, who is serving a two years' sentence at Leavenworth. Because of my faith in the power of *The Nation* to secure amnesty before that time, I am ordering the subscription for only six months.

Duluth, Minn., December 4 RUTH O'BRIEN

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Books

The Inside Story

Tramping on Life. By Harry Kemp. Boni and Liveright. $3.
The Story of a Varied Life. By W. S. Rainsford. Doubleday, Page and Company. $5.
All in a Life-Time. By Henry Morgenthau. Doubleday, Page and Company. $4.
A World Worth While. By W. A. Rogers. Harper and Brothers. $3.
My Life. By Emma Calvé. D. Appleton and Company. $4.

"ALL men, whatever be their condition, who have done anything of merit, or which verily has a semblance of merit, if so they are men of truth and good repute, should write the tale of their life with their own hand." Thus Benvenuto Cellini begins his own story, and, although the silversmith of Florence was neither a man of truth nor of good repute, his memoirs are treasured as highly as his salt-cellars. Both memoirs and salt-cellars are works of art, and each, in its making, served an inner need of its creator. But that literature is served by the great mass of so-called autobiographies is doubtful. Too often the confession that might be good for the soul becomes a distorted interpretation. Judging from the number of volumes of memoirs that have been published, it would seem that the secret urge toward autobiographical writing which lurks in the heart of every man is translated into action upon the slightest encouragement from his friends—or enemies. But the resulting record is often a disappointment to those who are closest to the man "of truth and good repute" who wrote it; the friends are disappointed because the author has said too little about them, and the enemies, because he has told too little about himself.

The conscientious historian knows that autobiography is a discreditable source of information concerning the individual that wrote it. He searches rather in his private letters and secret journals for those scraps of truth from which historical characters can be constructed. In his day Samuel Pepys was a person of no great distinction, yet his diaries have given him an historical and literary significance that is shared by few of his contemporaries. This private record of an obscure secretary of the English admiralty forms one of the frankest autobiographies ever published and is, besides, a keenly critical disquisition upon the customs and personages of Pepys's England. But Pepys did not write his diaries for publication or even for examination by other eyes than his own and therefore no question of social expediency led him to distort or conceal the truth. Most autobiographies are, unfortunately, not written under such ideal circumstances. They merely confirm, in their pages, the falsehoods their authors have lived in the face of the world.

At least a thousand autobiographies have been written by opera singers and other public artists which have no greater and no less merit than Emma Calvé's "My Life." The value of her "confession" may be measured by one paragraph. "At the very moment that I started work with Madame Laborde, I suffered a great sorrow, the first tragedy that had touched my young life. It is enough that the shock was so violent that I fell seriously ill." But it is *not* enough to dismiss the sorrow with the adjective "great," if the book is labeled "My Life." Madame Calvé's "Life" is little more than a list of the various roles she sang and the nature of the ovations that followed, interspersed with the usual threadbare anecdotes of the ateliers and dressing-rooms, and the professional jargon of a teacher of the voice. We have a right to expect something more than this from a popular diva with the gipsy tradition in her blood. Not even Carmen is immune from the virus of self-conscious caution when she relates the story of her life.

If few autobiographies tell even a modicum of truth concerning their subjects it is not always because the author has deliberately avoided a frank confession or has unscrupulously misrepresented himself to his readers. Unless he be a ruthless artist with an impersonal conscience, he is squeezed between fear and respectability. It is not probable that an individual who has achieved a prominent position in the affairs of the civilized world by close conformity to its fetish worship and by careful avoidance of its taboos is going to cut loose from these herd habits in his first attempt at self-expression. In "All in a Life-Time" Henry Morgenthau makes the gesture of opening the doors to the secret archives of his memory. The result is an occasionally interesting, but never significant volume of casual remembrances. The distinguished author wears his cutaway coat and silk hat and speaks cautiously and politely at all times, even when discussing political campaigns in which he was embroiled. The top hat is lifted and waved in a dignified manner when Woodrow Wilson appears upon the scene. Toward all other contemporaries, as well as toward his own ego, our ex-Ambassador to Turkey behaves with a suavity and restraint that hardly serve to detach him from the velvety background of high finance and high diplomacy.

Perhaps the most interesting of the false autobiographies are those that, while dealing with their environments in an entirely objective manner, concern themselves with a shifting world in whose center the author stands and jots down in his notebook the most striking of the phenomena that are presented to his eye. Much of the interest that such a method of reportorial reminiscing might have for the discriminating reader oozes away when the observer is a blithe spirit who takes pains to see nothing but the bright side of a many-faceted world. W. A. Rogers's "A World Worth While" is full of singing skylarks.

It is a relief to turn from such a volume with its gentle portraits and harmless memories to "The Story of a Varied Life" by W. S. Rainsford. Dr. Rainsford was rector of St. George's Church in New York for many years. As a member of the profession that holds itself responsible for the construction and upkeep of the totem poles of civilization it might be expected that he would write a volume of memoirs over which one could doze while the sermon droned on. But this is not the case. Dr. Rainsford was a militant radical in the church, one who refused to preach the outworn dogmas of religion and thereby plunged himself into hot water from which he emerged with a shining reputation for courage and sincerity. That he recognizes the proper function of the autobiographic confessional is evinced by the following excerpt from his book: "Why, then, when a life's story is told, should it deal with a man's adventures in every field of endeavor and make no record of the conflict of his very soul?" He duly describes the soul's conflict, but the battle is a theological skirmish. There is more to life than theology, a truism that Dr. Rainsford would not be the last to admit, and yet he ignores the conflict of the soul upon other less sacred battlefields. The soul that he talks about in his interesting book is the one that he revealed every Sunday from his pulpit, but the revelation, both in the church and in the book, is only a partial one. He has not distorted the truth about his inner self, but he has hidden much of it from the eyes of his fellow-men. We may be told that it is the duty of a decent citizen to hide his most intimate yearnings and secret rebellions from his neighbors; we may answer that it is not from the decent citizens that great autobiographies will come.

It seems to be the general rule in the writing of autobiographies that no one, least of all the author, must be hurt by what is disclosed in them. Thus, although the writer may have the mental equipment to make a thorough job of it, this moral squeamishness operates as a powerful deterrent. Mark Twain wrote an autobiography of which the intimate parts are to remain unpublished until twenty-five years after his death, so heavily did the hand of society weigh upon his artistic conscience.

The chief interest that autobiographical writing possesses is not in the author's outward relations to men and events but in

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the "inside story." It is this intimate record which it is the duty of autobiography to present truthfully, no matter how much the outward scene may be altered to form an artistic background. The inward reaction of a human being to his environment is seldom described by the diarists. The writer is bedeviled by the hallucination of unpleasant social consequences should he tell that which he considers the unique and horrible truth about his inner self. But it is not the timid acceptance of life that binds the individual to his fellow-men. It is this very "horrible truth," whatever it may be, that gives him the right to act as spokesman for all humanity; and it is because no two souls behave exactly the same that every real autobiography possesses a fascination beyond that of literary invention.

It is strange that a grammatical form should have prevented the autobiographer from unlocking the secret chambers of his heart and yet the use of the first person singular pronoun has developed such self-consciousness in the writer that he perjures his soul in every sentence that he writes, even when he is trying to tell the truth. James Joyce's "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" is undoubtedly a faithful record of the author's early life and the impressions that these youthful experiences made upon his character, but it is doubtful whether the author would have written such a searching spiritual document if he had not masked his own ego under the name of a third person, Stephen Dedalus. August Strindberg's "The Son of a Servant" and "The Growth of a Soul" are no less the truthful records of his own inner experiences because he names his protagonist "John." This method of indirect confession enables the author to get outside himself and to describe that human being with whom he is most intimately acquainted in the honest terms of an unprejudiced artist.

In "Tramping on Life" Harry Kemp has followed this impersonal method and, looking upon himself as a separate individual named John Gregory, he has written a fearless autobiographical narrative, a vividly human chronicle as well as a distinguished literary achievement. In the past ten years this "vagabond-poet" has been good newspaper copy because of his picturesque habits and his refreshing nonconformity to the amenities of society. Of course the real artist was cruelly distorted in the headlines, but enough notoriety has been given his exploits to gild his autobiography with the factitious interest that is attached to the secret memoirs of court favorites. However, it is not for the "inside story" in the newspaper sense that "Tramping on Life" becomes a work of importance. Whether the details of these sensational adventures are true or false is of small moment. The story of his inner growth has the clear ring of truth. John Gregory is no automaton, the shadowy creation of a poet. His character does not assume the illusion of reality by the skilful literary craftsmanship or the patient psychological notations of the author. It is Life itself that gives him life. It surges about him, bruising him, caressing him, and exalting him. He rushes forward to meet its rude contacts, cherishing every buffet with the zest of the artist whose soul expands under pressure. He seeks adventures on the high roads and the high seas and disdains the peaceful havens where few blows are given or taken. Glorying in the stark reality of the world through which he is tramping, his spirit is lifted above the stony way as he sings the songs of the poet.

This is real autobiography. It avoids the pretense of accuracy which characterizes the journals of mediocrity, but it gives the breath of life to the figure it portrays. The other people who take part in the author's absorbing life story are human beings of full stature despite their fictitious names. Few novels have the natural charm and poetic beauty of this personal narrative. There are no evasions and no polite subterfuges. Whatever has contributed to the molding of the character of John Gregory—or Harry Kemp—whether it be good or bad as measured by our inelastic standards, is told without fear or shame.

HOWARD IRVING YOUNG

How the Russians Lied

Die Fälschungen des Russischen Orangebuches. Der wahre Telegrammwechsel Paris-Petersburg bei Kriegsausbruch. Herausgegeben von Freiherrn G. von Romberg, Gesandter z.D. Berlin und Leipzig: Vereinigung wissenschaftlicher Verleger, 1922.

HERE is a most damning revelation of deceit. Freiherr von Romberg has obtained from the Russian archives the texts of the correspondence between Izvolski, Russian Ambassador at Paris, and Sazonov, Russian Foreign Minister, in the days preceding the outbreak of the war. These are the originals of the documents which formed the gist of the Russian Orange Book of 1914, which was so valuable a part of the evidence adduced in the British papers concerning the outbreak of the war, in "I Accuse," and in other Allied propaganda to prove that Germany wilfully precipitated the war. We discover that of twenty-nine Franco-Russian documents published in the Orange Book only nine were honestly printed as written. New phrases were added to some; from others significant deletions were made. Thirty-one important documents belonging to the series were entirely suppressed! The diplomatic correspondence presented by the Czarist Government as a defense of its position consisted in part of forged phrases and in part of documents deliberately edited to alter their real significance. This fact is more significant because the British and French governments, in summarizing the Allied case, used these same false texts. They all lied.

Von Romberg prints the full original texts, with the altered and omitted portions in red ink. Typographically, it is a very pretty job. The footnotes, which in the main are useful explanations, occasionally verge upon propaganda; two unimportant passages are printed in red ink despite the fact that they appear correctly at least in the English edition of the Orange Book. On the other hand, one rather important passage omitted in the English edition is not so indicated by von Romberg.

What do these documents prove? First and beyond question, that the Allied governments deliberately falsified documents for the purpose of fortifying the legend of a war imposed upon them by Germany; second, that they distorted the documents in order to give the false impression that the Russian general mobilization was a reply to the Austrian; third, that Russia refused in advance even to accept suggestions of moderating her attitude; fourth, that France was committed to blind support of Russia. They even suggest that the withdrawal of the French troops from the frontier was merely a trick to force Germany to declare war first, and to delude England.

Document 32 of the Russian Orange Book begins authentically enough. But—naturally—it omits the conclusion of the original, which read (from Sazonov to Izvolski) thus:

"Nevertheless I must correct in time a misunderstanding which has slipped into the reply of the gerant of the French Foreign Ministry to the German Ambassador. If there is a question of exercising any moderating influence in St. Petersburg, we absolutely refuse it, for from the beginning we have taken a position which we cannot change in any way, having already agreed to all Austria-Hungary's acceptable demands."

Document 29 as naturally omits the phrase in which the director of the political section of the French Foreign Office correctly summed up the situation on July 26:

"All in all and in view of the whole attitude of Germany and Austria he is inclined to believe that these Powers are seeking a brilliant diplomatic victory, but do not want war in any case, although they would not stop at it in the end."

It is a fascinating study in diplomatic psychology to work over the reasons why the Russians omitted a word here and added a phrase there, to shade the meaning. But it is very obvious indeed why they omitted the following three terribly revealing notes from Izvolski to Sazonov, the first sent on July 30, the second at 1 a. m. on July 31, the third on August 1:

1. "Margerie [political director of the French Foreign Office]

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to whom I have just spoken tells me that the French Government does not wish to interfere in our military preparations, but that it considers it extremely desirable, in view of the fact that negotiations for the maintenance of peace still continue, that these preparations are as little as possible of an open and provocative character. The War Minister for his part has developed the same thought to our military attaché, and has said that *we might declare that we are, in the higher interest of peace, ready to delay our preparations for mobilization for a time, which would not prevent our continuing our preparations and even strengthening them,* still as far as possible refraining from large transports of troops." [Italics mine.]

2. "For the War Minister from the military attaché: The French Minister of War just disclosed to me in a buoyant (*gehobenem*) and hearty tone that *the Government was firmly determined upon war,* and begged me to confirm the hope of the French General Staff that all our efforts would be directed against Germany, and that Austria would be treated as a negligible quantity." [Italics mine.]

3. "I received your telegram regarding Germany's declaration of war upon us at 11 o'clock. I immediately informed the President of the republic, who at once called a Cabinet meeting. Poincaré told me in the most categorical form that he as well as the entire Cabinet was firmly determined to carry out the obligations laid upon France by the treaty of alliance fully and completely. In connection with this there arose, however, a series of extremely complicated questions, both political and strategic. Most important of all is the fact that *the French constitution requires a parliamentary vote for a declaration of war, and it will take at least two days to assemble Parliament. While Poincaré has no doubt of the vote, he would prefer to avoid a public debate upon the application of the treaty of alliance. For this reason and from considerations which chiefly concern England it would be better if the declaration of war should be made by Germany rather than by France.* Furthermore it must be recalled that today is only the first day of the French mobilization and that it would be more advantageous for both allies if France should begin military operations only after mobilization had advanced further. Besides, Poincaré is convinced that Germany will not await the declaration of war by France but will attack immediately without allowing time to complete mobilization. As soon as the discussion of these matters in the Cabinet meeting is over Poincaré will call me to inform me of the result." [Italics mine.]

When German troops invaded Luxemburg, Izvolski reported that it was regarded here as very advantageous for France, as it will certainly bring a protest from England, and may induce the latter to show more energy. On July 29 we find Viviani already forbidding anti-militarist meetings. The pamphlet is all interesting, and is very brief. It is a pity that no American publisher is making these documents available in English. They do not seem to me to prove, as some Germans have maintained, that France and Russia deliberately planned and willed the war from the beginning.[1] They do show that France and Russia were quite ready for war, and were determined that the Austro-Serbian conflict should not be localized. If Austria insisted upon invading Serbia they meant to make it a European war. To balance the picture we must recall that Austria was determined upon that conflict even if it meant a European war, and that the German White Book and the Austrian Red Book were as careful pieces of diplomatic deceit as the Russian Orange Book and the French Yellow Book. That, however, is an old story. These documents demolish anew the lies about sole German responsibility for the war, and Allied innocence, on which the Treaty of Versailles is built. M. Clemenceau's audiences would do well to read them.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

[1] A long review, entitled They All Lied, of various books and comments bearing upon the origin of the war, in *The Nation* for October 11, brought forth a number of comments and criticisms, som favorable and some unfavorable. The factual criticism was directed against two statements: first, that the French expected the German attack through Belgium; and second, that the Triple Alliance treaties contained no binding military clauses. In support of the first I quote the following from the protocol of the joint conference of the French and Russian general staffs at Krasnoie Seloe in August, 1911, signed by Gilinsky, chief of the Russian General Staff, Dubail, chief of the French General Staff, and Messimy, French Minister of War: "The chief of the French General Staff thereupon developed the following considerations: From what is known of the German mobilization and concentration of forces one may conclude that the first great conflicts will probably take place in Lorraine, Luxemburg, and Belgium, between the fifteenth and eighteenth days." The rest of this document, showing that the French expected the Germans to concentrate upon them in case of war with France and Russia, but believed that their forces were as great and could be mobilized as quickly as the German, is also extremely interesting. On the second point the form of my statement was in fact too sweeping. The Triple Alliance treaties did not, as did the Franco-Russian convention as early as 1892, provide for regular staff conferences such as that referred to above, but they did, in the literal sense of the word, contain military clauses. They provided that if Italy should be attacked by France, or Austria or Germany by two other Powers, without direct provocation on their part, the *casus foederis* would arise for the other parties; and if peace should be so threatened the contracting parties would take counsel as to military cooperation. Not until 1913 did the Central Powers reach the stage even of a definite naval agreement for cooperation in the Mediterranean.

Slaying the Slain

The Fruit of the Tree. By Hamilton Fyfe. Thomas Seltzer. $2.
The Optimist. By E. M. Delafield. The Macmillan Company. $2.

NEITHER of these two novels is initially promising, for both threaten to do what novel after novel does—fight brilliantly a battle which has already been won. "The Fruit of the Tree" tells humorously but with a good deal of stress upon argument the story of two young women who kicked over the restraints formerly supposed to be proper to their sex. "The Optimist" pokes away with the rapier of accomplished irony at a terribly benign old Canon who is ever ready, like Strachey's Dr. Arnold, to rise and explain "the general principles both of his own conduct and that of the Almighty." Both are more seriously concerned than a contemporary writer need be with the education of the reader, and if there remain any Victorians among us they can hardly withstand this twofold attack. It is difficult to believe that anyone could read the first book and remain convinced that marriages are necessarily made in heaven or read the second and fail to realize that the Christian gentleman of the old school was likely to be a prig. The arguments of both seem irrefutable, but direct satire upon the ideas of the eighteen-eighties, though no doubt still a pleasant sport, is but slaying the slain. The best novels are written from a point of view but they do not consist simply in a definition of it, and though it may be that the point of view altered so greatly during the past forty years that there was a period during which definition was the writer's first duty, that time has passed. The outlines of iconoclastic modernism have been laid and the future lies before the novelist who, assuming these as a background, will create character against them.

The greatest enemy to his art which the contemporary novelist has to fight is the too complacent sense of his modernity and the feeling that his principal duty is to demonstrate it. From this enemy Mr. Fyfe, genial writer that he is, hardly escapes. The rich sense of fun which made his "The Widow's Cruse" excellent entertainment last year is present again, but an almost pathetic eagerness to explain and defend to a sympathetic audience the familiar groundwork of the philosophy of emancipated youth rather gets in the way of his farce. He feels it a genuine triumph to bewilder a visiting colonial bishop and send him flying back to Patagonia "where life is comparatively simple," but he does not seem quite to realize that only a resident of Patagonia would be so bewildered. Doubtless there remain in the womb of time innumerable good stories about women who, having had babies without having husbands, were not ashamed of the fact but we shall demand of them not stale argument but living character.

Though Miss Delafield is still struggling a little with the delusion that it is worth while to demonstrate her superiority to the Victorians, she has, in her latest novel, pretty nearly reached a real maturity, and this maturity lies not in the keenness of her dialectic but in the realization that such keenness is

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not enough. She is a clever writer but she has achieved what few clever writers achieve; she has created a character. One begins her book with admiration for her finesse but without great enthusiasm, for she seems bent upon a much simpler thing —the analysis of an outworn point of view embodied in a puppet. She lays upon the table her Optimist, the self-righteous old Canon, and begins to work upon him with a terribly keen scalpel of satire, laying bare the pomposity of his thoughts and the devastating character of his benign tyranny over his children. It is skilfully done but it has been done before, and the main thesis "that the normal evolution of self-sacrifice is self-advertisement" is almost banal.

Then gradually a surprising thing happens. The Canon gets up from the table, as it were, and begins to live in his own right. Miss Delafield forgets the superiority of herself and her readers, and the pasteboard embodiment of fatuity becomes a creature of flesh and blood. No less grotesquely wrong than he was before, he becomes understandable, and as he feels and suffers in his own right, as the children, victims of his own personality, drop here and there into their various fates, he takes on a pathetic dignity. The Optimist finishes as he had begun, and when, upon his deathbed even, he repeats in his wilful blindness his favorite phrase, "all things work together for the good of those who love God," even the most skeptical of the characters is compelled to agree with the daughter who has sacrificed her life to him, "He is magnificent." Without any weakening of her contempt and without yielding in her insistence that all was well to the Canon only because he was determined to see it so, Miss Delafield has given the devil his due. She has made her Optimist a real person and not a straw man made to be kicked by the clever, and as a result it becomes a matter of complete indifference that her thesis is not new.

Her book is a lesson to all young novelists, a proof that to be modern does not necessarily mean to leave the real business of fiction in order to argue, but it can be studied again by her with even more profit than by others. She can see how perilously she has stood upon the edge and how from time to time she has stepped over into the region of complacent superiority. Does anyone ever doubt that Flaubert was superior to the provincial ideals of Madam Bovary? Yet he correctly assumes that it is not necessary for him to say so and, similarly, no sophisticated reader needs to have it proved to him again that Victorian optimism was shallow. Yet character, Victorian or Babylonian, is still interesting.

J. W. KRUTCH

Two Studies of Dante

Dante and His Influence: Studies. By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

From Vita Nuova to Paradiso. Two Essays on the vital relations between Dante's successive works. By Philip H. Wicksteed. Longmans, Green and Company. $1.75.

OUR recent association with Italy in the war and the still more recent celebration of Dante's sexcentenary account in part for the increased interest in Dante in this country; the lessened interest in German literature (a decline partly due to propaganda) has also helped to turn the minds of young students to Italy. There has been a new demand for popular expositions of the genius and achievement of the divine poet. It cannot be said, however, that even this demand, reinforced by the double appropriateness of the choice of a former ambassador to Italy to lecture upon a university foundation endowed by his wife, quite excuses the late Mr. Page's book on "Dante and His Influence." The attention of the undergraduate of today is won rather by a clearly articulated presentation of the more important results of research than by loose and fluent "appreciation."

To start with, Mr. Page outlines an acceptable though quite conventional treatment of his subject; but he quickly departs therefrom, and the various aspects of his theme overlap in a most disorderly fashion; in particular, the problem of the influence of Dante on the English poets crops up again and again. After a special chapter on this problem comes one avowedly on the Comedy which veers promptly around to the English poets. The chapter on Dante and Italian Nationality contains not a word on the theme announced in the chapter heading. Often a theme is announced, and within a few moments the lecturer is off at a tangent, rising generally to a kind of *O altitudo* of admiration. Mr. Page's discourses are most nearly acceptable when he most closely follows Turri's recent study of Dante, as in the chapter on Dante and His Times. He attempts to bring Dante's political theories into accord with modern progressive opinion—a matter on which something really instructive might have been said—but he does not penetrate deeply, and arouses interest only in a footnote that tells of a conference that he once had with Sonnino in which the Foreign Minister referred to Dante's views as to a court of final appeal. He indulges in much rhetorical exaggeration, as when he declares that the countrymen of Milton are tempted to look "with a certain smug satisfaction" upon the English poet as who should say, "Can anything equal to this come out of Italy?" No possible reader of Milton can be imagined regarding Dante in any such way. There are positive errors also, as when "non-knowledge of Christ" is placed among the seven deadly sins, while pride, the fount and origin of them, is omitted.

The purpose of Dr. Wicksteed's studies is indicated in the sub-title of his admirable little volume. In the first essay, refuting the popular error of regarding the Paradiso as a sort of mere dramatic climax to the soul's progress "through" Hell and Purgatory, he undertakes to show that Dante's conception of Heaven as a vision of God "in Himself" is the firm support from which *depends* the vision of sin and the soul's passionate need of penitence. In other words, a clear understanding of the Paradiso is essential to a proper comprehension of the two earlier parts of the trilogy. In the second, more difficult, essay, Dr. Wicksteed traces the development of Dante's thought from the Beatrice of the Vita Nuova, through the partial abandonment of Beatrice in some of the Canzoni, and through his interest in "Lady Philosophy" not merely as a preparation for the proper honoring of Beatrice but for her own sake, to the higher conception of Beatrice as the symbol of Revelation in the Comedy. Especially interesting is the study of the phase in the poet's intellectual progress when, under the influence of Aristotle, the idea of Revelation, though still assumed, falls into the background of his thought. Admirable, too, is the discussion of the relation of the De Monarchia, and hence of Virgil, to Dante's conception of Roman law and the empire as developed in the Comedy. At times the links that bind the minor works to the Comedy are fragile and obscured; at other times the thread that is being followed seems to lead away from Beatrice; but in the end Philosophy draws him again toward Revelation. There is obviously not sufficient space here to do justice to Dr. Wicksteed's subtle argument or to follow the windings of Dante's thought. It may be added that the writer takes no notice of Professor Fletcher's views on Dante's symbolism, especially with regard to the meaning of Beatrice in the Comedy.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

Books in Brief

The next volume of the publications of the Selden Society will be one of cases from the Year Books of 7 Edward II (1313). The introduction by W. C. Bolland, Esq., will contain a picture of the services and duties of the Medieval Sheriff as the general manager of the controversial affairs of his county. It also has an interesting excursus on the medieval law of surnames. The secretary of the Selden Society for the United States of America is Mr. Richard W. Hale, 60 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

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Euclid's Outline of Sex. By Wilbur P. Birdwood. Henry Holt. $1.50.

"'Nihil humani a me alienum'—there is nothing human that cannot be explained from the standpoint of the alienist" is the way the author translates it. And he proceeds to prove that Euclid was a sufferer from the Grandmother, Œdipus, and Balaam's Ass complexes. His deductive methods are very funny, especially his tracing the early life of the mathematician, about which nothing is known, through the "Elements of Geometry." He discovers that young Euclid had a "Not unpleasant cast in his left eye and up to the age of four was inclined to stammer." The book is recommended to students of Freud and Jung who are inclined to place too much credulity in the solution of all problems through psychoanalysis.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1922 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation,* 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Friday, December 1, and not later than Saturday, December 30, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation,* to appear February 14, 1923.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation.* Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Music

The British Composer and His Public

TO one used to the still prevailing prejudice in America against any native music but the popular variety, the amount of serious British music, old and new, that is constantly being performed in London is amazing. While the early madrigals and motets have always been more or less kept alive by the various choral societies, the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century lyrics and instrumental music still wear the garb of novelty, so that the present interest in their revival seems another indication of that awakened national musical consciousness which responded so enthusiastically two years ago to "The Beggar's Opera." The latter is now past its thousandth performance—a record equal to its first sensational popularity of over a hundred years ago, and one that shows no sign of abatement. In addition, its sequel, "Polly," is to be produced next month, and the demand for seats is already high. These works are so purely and so characteristically English in both their music and their texts that they appear to imply the same protest against foreign influence today as they did when they were written.

Whether or not Gay's masterpiece has paved the way for modern native opera, certainly extraordinary favor has been extended to "The Immortal Hour," which, first produced over a month ago, promises to have an indefinite run. The music, set to the text of Fiona Macleod's play of that name, is by Rutland Boughton, of Glastonbury fame; and while it is not remarkable in itself, is nevertheless so free from extraneous influence in content, color, and effects that it gathers a certain significance from its peculiarly native quality. As Celtic in atmosphere as the fairy tale it seeks to interpret, it is full of enchanting melody, especially in the tenor solo in the last act, which I would highly recommend for concert use. The opera also contains some remarkable choral effects; and though its orchestration is thin, this seems more of a virtue than a detriment. As a production, however, it is perfect. One cannot find enough praise for this company from the Birmingham Repertory Theater, for the scenery and costumes made in the theater's workshops, or for the direction and lighting. Particularly fine was Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, gifted daughter of a famous father, who, as Etain, the lost Princess, was so exquisite in this most shadowy of roles, from the lovely, "far-away" quality of her voice to her own elusive and intangible personality, that one wished that every would-be "Melisande" could run to her and read. The intricate choruses were superbly done, and were distinguished by a softness of quality that ours never seem to attain. Altogether, it was a revelation of stage-craft and beauty, and made one hope that something like it may one day be attempted in our country. Only then, perhaps, shall we discover that "great American opera" which never seems to find its way to the portals of our Italianized opera houses, and which, perhaps, may never be intended for them.

But opera is not the only form in which the British composer gets a hearing, for one is always seeing his name not only on the instrumental and vocal but also on the orchestral programs of the week. Whether or not this last is because the conductors themselves are English, at any rate they do not seem to fear that they will lose subscriptions by encouraging their compatriots. Perhaps, too, the composers themselves are more enterprising than ours. For instance, twice within one week, Arnold Bax has been represented on programs at which he himself has assisted, while only recently his publishers treated him handsomely—and one might add, sensibly—by giving a whole recital of his works, for which they engaged Eugene Goossens and his orchestra, also, the Oriana Singing Society, and some of the best soloists in town. Furthermore, they gathered together a most distinguished audience, and varied the program so well that Mr. Bax may be said to have emerged triumphant from the test, and on a firmer basis than ever. Another genuine success was won the week before by Rebecca Clarke—known to Americans by having twice run second in the annual Coolidge contests—when her trio in G major received its first London performance. It is a brilliant and beautiful work, showing originality of treatment and thought, poetic sensibility, and the nobility of feeling that characterizes everything this gifted young English girl writes. And it was superbly played by Myra Hess, May Muckle, and Marjorie Hayward, both players and composer being accorded a veritable ovation at the end.

That much hangs upon the presentation of any new work, no matter how high its merits, was emphasized in another way by a recent concert of the British Music Society, when the greater part of the program was so inadequately prepared that it left the audience and the critics both bored and disinterested. This serious failing seems to be common with such organizations, a flagrant example being afforded in New York last year when a newly organized international composer's society gave a hastily prepared program for its *first* concert, the excuse be-

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ing that the composers and the artists did not have time for many rehearsals! Certainly, if works are to be received intelligently they must be presented intelligently. It is the care and understanding with which new works are treated that distinguishes above all others, perhaps, the Society for the Private Hearing of Modern Music in Vienna. And when I heard the first performance before that society of Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire," I could well believe and appreciate what the composer had told me of its preparation. "I hope," he said, "that you will not hear how hard it is, for we have had *thirty* rehearsals for it."

On the whole, however, the British composers fare better than their American colleagues, especially with the British critics. The latter accord them the same respect that they do the foreign composers, and though conditions here are still far from Utopian, the attitude of the public, the critics, and the publishers toward native music is still sufficiently sympathetic and constructive to show us wherein we fail.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

The Theater of the Moment

LAST spring and summer Mr. Macgowan and Mr. Jones spent on the Continent. They passed the greater part of their time in Germany and saw many plays and many beautiful and strange examples of the new decorative art of the theater. Of both their pictorial and critical observations they have made a charming and fascinating volume,[1] which, to employ the old tag, no one who is interested in the drama can afford to miss. Mr. Macgowan writes with a bright and youthful and cheery enthusiasm which is very agreeable and Mr. Jones's reproductions of what he saw stand in no need of praise. Equally handsome and, as the first adequate work in its field, of really fundamental importance is Mr. Sayler's volume on the Russian theater.[2] The author combines enthusiasm with sobriety and tempered judgment. He gives us both direct picture and critical comment; the book is a piece of experience and a piece of history. The value of the chapters on Meyerhold and the Theater Theatrical and on Yevreynoff and Monodrama cannot easily be overestimated.

From both of these documents, as well as from the reading of plays and the seeing of stage-sets, it is not difficult to gain a fairly clear notion of the character of the new drama and the new theater. Both are, as Mr. Macgowan is not tired of insisting, anti-realistic. Drama "does not admit the test of resemblance . . . resemblance shepherds the realistic plays, emanations of the unconscious guide us to the expressionistic." One can afford, for the moment, to disregard the extreme looseness of such talk and return once more to certain fundamental considerations.

Art is expression. In order to be expression it must express something. That something is human experience. There is nothing else for man to express. The expression cannot, from the nature of things, be immediate. To be communicated to others it must pass into some intelligible medium, into some intelligible form. Whatever the nature of this medium, of this form, it is, it cannot but be, the expression and therefore, in the last analysis, the imitation of the experience to be communicated. To say, then, that it must bear no "resemblance" to the underlying experience is, to be frank, nonsense. It may choose to resemble the inner spirit of the experience rather than its outer vestiture in life; it may choose to render the inner spirit through the concrete details of existence; it may choose to render it through apparently alien things, through landscape—the common method of the lyrist—through line, color, music. But the purpose of landscape, line, color, music will still be the eternal purpose of imitating and interpreting for the sake of communication the experience which is clamoring for expression in the artist's heart. The expressionistic no less than the naturalistic drama is an art of imitation. It resembles life and is powerful in the degree to which it does so. Only its method has changed. And that method is not new. It is as old as literature. It is lyrical, not dramatic. Whether Shelley was using as an outer symbol of inner realities "the deep's untrampled floor," or "every flower and beam and cloud and wave,

"And every wind of the mute atmosphere,"

it was still these realities of his experience that he was seeking to imitate for the purpose of passionate communication. And the expressionist playwright, the scenic craftsman in the new theater, cannot escape these basic conditions of art. When Mr. Jones designed his set for the Barrymore "Hamlet," what he did was not to discard resemblance. Only what his set resembles is not the turbulent court of warlike Denmark, nor the murders of half-legendary kings, nor the tumult of life, but the melancholy of Hamlet's soul. Thus Reinhardt and Stern in their later phases, thus the neo-romantic stages everywhere, thus Leopold Jessner with his stairs and black curtains are all shifting the emphasis from action to mood, from the dramatic to the lyrical. They seek to narrow and intensify expression; they aim for poignancy rather than breadth, for the somber imagining and the lyrical cry rather than for the commoner substance and body of life. But their expression, like every artist's, from the beginning of time, bears a resemblance, which is its meaning, to the thing that was to be expressed.

I set down these reflections in the hope that they may curb talk that is merely loose, practice that is merely eccentric, affectations of impossible novelty that are merely confusing. The expressionistic drama, the expressionistic stage-craft are here. Both, by their powerful presence and appeal, prove the necessity of their existence in the art of our age. The new stage-craft has achieved things so clearly beautiful and significant on its own ground that no sane critic can withhold his admiration. The expressionistic drama has yet no masterpiece to show. But it is a very new form of art; it is being practiced in lands where the artist fights hunger, misery, unrest. A master may appear at any moment. He may appear in Germany; he may appear in America. We shall not hasten his coming or aid him when he comes by talking nonsense.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

[1] *Continental Stagecraft.* By Kenneth Macgowan and Robert Edmond Jones, Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

[2] *The Russian Theater.* By Oliver M. Sayler. Brentano's. $3.

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International Relations Section

Some Fascist Tactics

THE following manifesto of the Parma Fascisti issued during the general strike of labor, called in protest against the activities of the Fascisti in that city, was printed in *Il Communista* for September 3.

NATIONAL FASCIST PARTY
PARMA COMMAND

The citizens of Parma are asked to resume their normal routine before 4 p.m. today. We hereby notify you that any stores remaining closed after that hour will be devastated and all those who have not returned to their customary work by that time will be treated as enemies to the country.

THE COMMAND

At the same time a letter was sent to all the business men of Parma containing the following significant threat:

NATIONAL FASCIST PARTY
FASCIST SECRET PROVINCIAL COMMITTEE OF ACTION

We Fascisti are sacrificing our lives to break off this strike by every means. It is your duty to aid our movement financially in order to save the nation.

We therefore ask you to turn over to the bearer of this message —— lire.

And we warn you that whoever tries to evade this duty will have to pay for it.

SECRET COMMITTEE OF ACTION

After laying siege to the Socialist city of Civitavecchia, the Fascisti posted a bulletin containing their conditions for peace:

1. Resignation of the city government.
2. Cooperatives to be turned over to the Fascist unions.
3. Demonstration of "Italianism" by all citizens.

Memoirs of a Fascist Organizer

THE deposition from which the following extracts are taken was published in *Avanti* on June 29. Mancini was reported by this newspaper as having furnished proofs of his statements to the royal attorney at Ravenna, as well as to Vigliani, central inspector of the Italian police. Written before the final coup d'etat of the Fascisti it throws an interesting light on their methods.

I went to Bologna in March, 1921, and enlisted in the combat unit of the Fascisti. . . . After staying in Bologna two months I was asked to go to Imola. . . . When I had been in that city for one month without any ranking, I won the confidence of Count Flaminio Ginnasi, and, thanks to his influence, I was made one of the directors of the Imola unit. At that time the directors were discussing the methods of violence to be used in getting rid of the heads of organizations who were considered to be the backbone of working-class resistance, and I remember very well, without fear of contradiction, that sums varying from 10,000 to 15,000 lire for every man "eliminated" were placed at the disposal of those set to carry out these tasks.

The principal organizers aimed at were the following: Hon. Anselmo Marabini and his son Andrea; Elvezio Rocchi, proprietor of the Caffe di Commercio, which was a gathering-place of militant radicals; Roberto Vespignani; Muri, living in one of the "people's houses"; Antonio Baroncini, known as Caraten; Antonio Cicco, living on Milani Place; Ferri Severino, mayor of Fontanelice; and Avanti Mancini of Imola. But since the Imola unit was just being started at that time, the plans were not carried out for various reasons of prudence, and were postponed until a later date. . . .

At Castel del Rio, near Imola, where I was later stationed, there arrived a certain Angelo, whose other name I do not recall, and who, at the recommendation of the Imola unit, took up his lodging at the Pifferi's house, where I was staying. In a conversation with Angelo, Pifferi said that the resort of the militant radicals was the Caffe Garibaldi, and suggested that he should make the place a subject for a Fascist demonstration. For this purpose Romeo Pifferi turned over to Angelo two bombs, a revolver, and a dagger. Angelo said he was prepared for this action provided he was aided by others. Pifferi agreed, and at once sent one of his messengers, named Antonio, to Imola to deliver a letter to Count Flaminio Ginnasi. In about two hours a squadron of twenty Imola Fascisti arrived in town, commanded by a man named Mentore Ravaglia, and stopped at Pifferi's house. To avoid suspicion they had stopped their automobile about half a mile from town and had gone the rest of the way separately. Fortunately Pifferi sent me out to get the Vivoli brothers, who were Fascisti, and on the way I met the mayor of the town and warned him of what was in store for the Caffe Garibaldi, asking him to close it up to avoid mishap, which he subsequently did. Consequently nothing happened. . . .

In October I was sent to Argenta, and with a letter from the Imola directors I called on Luigi Granata, political secretary of the unit there. I spent October and November at Argenta. One Sunday evening at the end of October or the beginning of November, a squadron of Socialists from Lavezzola came to Argenta to hold a demonstration, which actually took place without any incident because Granata had ordered all the Fascisti not to leave their houses. Granata, however, sent a Fascist to Ferrara by motor-cycle to inform the directors of the demonstration that had taken place. Italo Balbo, accompanied by an officer named Beltrami, from Greater Ulivi, and by another Fascist, came to Argenta a few hours afterward to confer with Granata.

At 11 p.m. two buses arrived filled with Fascisti from various sections of the province of Ferrara, who were armed with muskets, bombs, and daggers, gasoline and other inflammable material. These men formed into squadrons and blocked up the town by guarding the roads of communication and refusing to let anyone pass either way. Then at Balbo's command, the squadrons passed through the town shouting threats and provocations to the people. Naturally no one accepted their challenges. Nevertheless, Balbo ordered an ex-captain named Bissi and another officer named Forti to select two squadrons and send them into the suburb of Lenin. The squadrons entered the little village, and at the command of Forti and Balbo beat up everyone they could lay their hands on (women, children, old men, etc.) and burned as much of the place as they could. Then they went back to Balbo, who ordered them to return home. During the whole scene of destruction the Commissioner of Public Safety, who is now at Massalombardia, looked on passively, taking no further action than to ask Balbo to withdraw the squadron. . . .

At Massalombardia, where I served later, the Fascisti are paid 30 lire a day, with 500 lire for every successful action. The funds are provided by Torchi, da Turini, and an engineer named Giorgio Sangiorgi. I stayed at Massalombardia until about January 20. I found out also that when the squadrons there start out for action they go to the house of a man named Pezzatoni where there must be a tremendous quantity of arms, inasmuch as however many Fascisti there may be there are always arms for all. From Massalombardia I went to Bagnara, by order of Calvotti, secretary of the Ravenna provincial federation, to substitute for Pollini in the formation of the Economic Syndicate, and to organize the few Fascisti in the place. The object was, first of all, to eliminate Dino Golinelli and Beltrami

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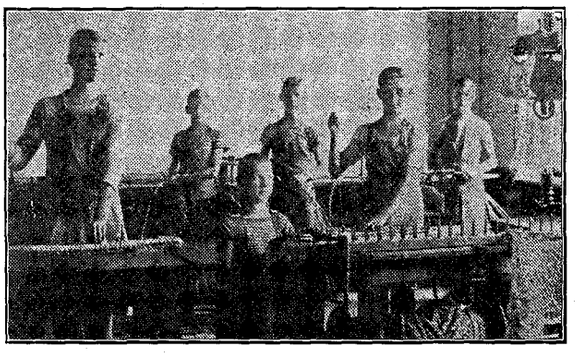

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The Rectors are seriously considering—have to consider—the closing of their institutions, for there is neither food nor fuel available, nor money to buy the barest necessities.

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In the name of those 2,000 children who are in imminent danger of being thrown upon communities as poor as the institutions who can no longer keep them, I appeal to you. The fate of those 2,000 children is not a Styrian affair, but a charge against mankind. It costs $1.50 per month to keep one child! How many will YOU take care of? MRS. CARL G. GROSSMANN

ORPHAN RELIEF FOR STYRIA,
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Enclosed please find $.....being my donation towards your fund. Yours truly,

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Silvio, secretary of the Communist section. For this purpose, Beltrami Pasqualino and his brother Cecchino, Messrs. Martini, Morosini, and the Della Guercia family deposited 10,000 lire with Giovannino Della Guercia at the Credito Romangolo. . . . [He then goes on to tell how, instead of killing these men he made friends with them, the Fascisti believing for some time it was just a clever ruse. But when he lost so many opportunities they became suspicious, and but for the influence of his friend Count Flaminio Ginnasi, who had him transferred to Imola, he would have been in serious trouble.]

I stayed in Imola during the whole month of April, and from there I was sent to Mordano with definite instructions for carrying out action against the workers in Chiavica and Bubano, to make them leave their organizations.

In addition to this I was assigned the task of getting rid of the following men, with no limit set to the means to be employed: Francesco Pirazzini, alleged to have been involved in the murder of a Fascist named Solferini during the agrarian conflict, and who had recently been freed; Aurelio Bendanti and his brother Celso; the Pirizioli brothers; Domenico Figua, who was in the same situation as Pirazzini; Lodovico Lanzoni, and others, all of Bubano and Chiavica. Others on the list were Luigi Balducci, a Socialist living at Volte House, and Colonel Foschi, living on Via Fluno. The killing of these men was intrusted to me by the Imola unit under the orders of Giovanni Solferini, living at Piazza Quaini in Imola, and his brothers in Bubano, who had definitely stated that they were prepared to make any sacrifice to see their brother's death avenged.

By May 30 I had not yet carried out the task, and went to the unit and declared that it was impossible for me to do so. Giovanni Solferini then said that if I did not carry out my duty with regard to the persons mentioned above, I should lead an expedition in grand style against the inhabitants of Chiavica. The directors at Imola—Mentore Ravaglia, Amadeo Ferratini, Ario Fantini, Mario Negri, Count Flaminio Ginnasi, and Andrea Rocchi—all favored Solferini's proposition and gave me the necessary authority for carrying out the expedition.

For this purpose they presented me with a motor-cycle and side-car, lent by the Gollini brothers, to enable me to get in touch with the units at Massalombardia, Conselice, Cotignola, Lugo, Bagnara, Mordano, and Bubano, and that evening they sent the forces I requested to a place that had been agreed upon. I, however, not only arranged things so that my action would not meet with success, but I warned the inhabitants of the locality which had been marked out, and most of them kept away from their homes that night, while the police force kept the Fascist squadron from entering the town. The following morning the motor-cycle of the Golinelli picked me up at Mordano and took me to Imola, where I was to report on the results of the expedition, which, of course, were quite negative. At 4:30 in the morning, I found Solferini, who was anxiously awaiting me, and at the disconcerting news I gave him he began to bemoan the money he had vainly spent, amounting to approximately 1,800 lire, which he had put into my own hands. This failure caused me to be brought once more before the directors at Imola. I was still one of the directors myself, but they met without me and declared their complete distrust of me, holding that I was unworthy to belong to the Fascisti. I learned indirectly through the Fascist Luigi Lambro that Solferini defended me and consequently the decision of the directors was modified.

I was then called before the directors, who reported their final decision, intrusting me with one more confidential task, as a final proof of my standing with the Fascisti. The task consisted of assuming command of some squadrons of action composed of men from Bologna and on duty at Imola for the purpose of getting rid of Hon. Marabini and his son Andrea, Vespignani, Baroncini, Ciccolini, the proprietor of the Caffe de Commercio, etc. I objected that I had not the means to carry out such a task, and furthermore I would have to know the men I was to command. The next evening eight men were introduced to me and placed at my disposal. I should recognize them if I saw them again. They were staying at the Campana Inn, and ate at the Emilia restaurant. I then found out that they were supplied with the clothes of women, priests, and beggars, and with false mustaches, beards, and wigs to change their appearances as occasion demanded. The men intrusted to me had come from Bologna unarmed, and at my request Count Flaminio Ginnasi asked me to his house to supply me with the necessary arms.

I accepted his invitation, and that evening I took my men to the Ginnasi mansion and one at a time we were taken down into a cellar, where I saw a big cannon, a 37-mm. automatic gun, and an immense number of muskets and guns of all descriptions piled up in a confused heap. In another part of this cellar was heaped a large quantity of ammunition. The musket, which I chose from among the best, and which I am prepared to submit to government agents, has carved on the butt end the name of Count Della Volpe. The rest of my companions armed themselves with revolvers. When I questioned Count Ginnasi, he told me that the cannon had been obtained from General Tamaia and brought into the place piece by piece. . . .

At the unit headquarters Solferini told me that 15,000 lire had been collected and deposited with Count Ginnasi, and that when one of the above-named persons should be done away with it was to be used as a prize for the author of the act in addition to moral and financial support during a subsequent period of concealment. On the following day, Sunday, at the Caffe Sganapino, a Fascist named Oreste Landi urged me to take action against Hon. Marabini, who would certainly go to the Chamber of Labor some time that morning; but since I did not feel like carrying out any act of violence against him, I went to Bagnara without taking any notice of what he had said. . . . As a result my place as commander was immediately given to a Fascist named Giuseppe Anconetani, who received from the unit 30 lire a day in addition to payments for action. He brought the squadron which was to act against Marabini near the Chamber of Labor.

Just by chance Marabini fell into the hands of other Fascisti, who beat him up, so that the squadron had to renounce its criminal plan. My flight to Bagnara made the Fascisti suspicious, and fearing me because of revelations I might make they have led me a pitiless chase, though unsuccessful except for a little beating they succeeded in giving me.

All this I state with a careful regard for the facts, hiding nothing, and exaggerating nothing, in the hope that the public authorities will ascertain the truth of my statements and dissolve the criminal Fascist organizations which have been, and will be, if they last, the ruin of Italy, and that they will punish those who are responsible for these organizations in order to save countless human lives and the civilization of the country for whose good I have attempted, in spite of many difficulties, to give my disinterested and unhappy contribution.

In full consciousness of having spoken the truth, ready to support it at any time and before all, even at the cost of my life, I sign myself

VITTORIO FRANCESCO DI GIUSEPPE MANCINI,
Born at Nocera, Terrinese (Catanzaro)

How Fascist Unions Work

THESE extracts from a statement signed by Antonio Ferretti, ex-Fascist official, as originally printed in *Avanti*, drew forth heated protests from the Fascist press. Denials of the facts contained in the statement were invited, but none were made.

The function of the Bonifica district in the province of Bologna must be explained in order to be understood by those who were not born in the vicinity of the Due Torri (Two Towers). The Bonifica district is a piece of land under improvement [largely

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THOMAS SELTZER
5 West 50th Street New York

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at public expense] covering about 88,000 hectares. In summer it employs about 2,500 laborers and in winter, when industrial unemployment is at its height, the number reaches 4,500 or 5,000.

The Socialist workers have been driven from the farming lands by the agrarian employers of Bentivoglio, Minerbio, Molinella, and Medicina who, protected by the Fascisti, are violating all their labor contracts in order to take on workers from the National [Fascist] unions, thus obtaining a reduction of wages and an increase in the working day. And now, unable to work on the farms, the Socialist laborers have been reduced to working on the Bonifica enterprise in order to keep their families alive without submitting to the agrarian employers.

But the Fascio (Fascist unit) of Molinella has made it a duty for every member to rob these laborers of even this improvement work and starve them into going against their own consciences and joining the National union, where there is always plenty of work. And to carry out this aim, the Molinella Fascio has established an employment office for this region, bringing in thousands of workers from the province of Ferrara, with the result that the Bologna laborers are out of work. . . .

Until six months ago the civil wage scale was in force. Now wages have been gradually reduced at least 30 per cent. There are Socialist laborers working in the Bonifica district for want of any other employment, who are getting 4 lire a day. And the Bonifica work is so very severe and dangerous that the men can only stand it five hours a day. Last year they made from 14 to 16 lire a day. . . .

It must be stated before going into details that all this maneuvering by big interests is being supported by the provincial and local governments, which pay 80 per cent of the improvement costs. . . .

A group of 126 Ferrara laborers which was working on the Bonifica improvements admitted to the Socialists working beside them that they were getting 12 lire a day. The Socialists then asked how it happened that they, who were doing the same work as the Ferrara laborers, were getting 4 lire a day, while the union men were getting 12, and reported the fact to the Government Commissioner. As a result, the engineer, Zambonelli, personally promised the Socialists 12 lire a day. The Government Commissioner called Zambonelli for explanation, but Zambonelli refused to see both the Government Commissioner and the officer of the Carabinieri who went to Minerbio to question him on the subject.

But it was a fact, nevertheless, because when the workers demanded the 12 lire they had been promised, Zambonelli came to me asking me to calm down those people and tell them that for the present they would be paid the regular Socialist wages, but that he would keep his word and later on would add 3,000 lire to their pay to bring the total to the 12 lire daily which had been promised.

I went to the Socialists and told them the situation and made the promise formally in Zambonelli's name.

The Government Commissioner has the names of the leaders with whom I talked and who can certify to the truth of my statements, and he himself can confirm these facts so far as he is concerned. ANTONIO FERRETTI

Contributors to This Issue

NORMAN THOMAS, a contributing editor of *The Nation*, is the executive director of the League for Industrial Democracy.

A. E. ZUCKER is an American journalist who has spent the last five years in Peking.

GILBERT O'DAY is the pseudonym of a writer who knew Ricardo Flores Magón while himself a political prisoner in McNeil Island Penitentiary.

Mexico's Martyr

AFTER an eloquent speech of an hour and a half by the leader of the Agrarian Party, and with the rostrum draped in black, the Mexican Chamber of Deputies adopted the following resolution with regard to the recent death in Leavenworth Penitentiary of Ricardo Flores Magon.

The undersigned Deputies, animated by the desire of rendering posthumous homage to the grand Mexican revolutionary, Ricardo Flores Magon, martyr and apostle of libertarian ideas, who has just died poor and blind in the cell of a Yankee prison, propose that this honorable Assembly pass the following resolution:

> That there be brought to rest in the soil of his native land, at the expense of the Mexican Government, the mortal remains of Ricardo Flores Magon.

We request that this be acted upon immediately without reference to committee.

(Signed) JULIAN S. GONZALEZ,
ANTONIO G. RIVERA,
E. BARON OBREGON,
J. M. ALVAREZ DEL CASTILLO,
A. DIAZ SOTO Y GAMA,
and others

Hall of the Mexican Congress, Mexico, D. F., November 22.

On the same day at an extraordinary session of the Executive Council of the Federation of Mexican Railroad Unions, resolutions concerning Magon were unanimously approved. The letter of the Secretary General to the President proposing the resolutions is printed below.

MR. PAULINO FAZ,
President Executive Committee, Federation of Mexican Railroad Unions.

DEAR COMRADE:

With true sorrow we have seen in the press of today the unfortunate news of the death of our worthy comrade Ricardo Flores Magon in the penitentiary of Leavenworth in the United States.

As the death to which I refer was without doubt caused by the diseases which our dead comrade contracted in prison, I believe that this event should not pass unnoticed by the working-class of our country and of the United States of America. Therefore this General Headquarters, in accord with our Fourth Grand Convention now in session, has decided to send you the following resolutions which should be put into effect upon confirmation of the news:

1. That there be organized a general demonstration in all parts of the country as an evidence of our sorrow for the death of our comrade, and as a protest against the imprisonment of those who still remain in the jails of the United States. All workers' organizations of the republic should assist in this demonstration and it should be extended to include workers' groups in the United States, and if thought expedient our comrades in Central and South America may be invited to assist. The day, hour, place, and organization of the demonstration we leave to the judgment of the Executive Committee.

2. That the Executive Committee, by means of a special committee or in whatever way may be judged convenient, make the necessary arrangements with the municipal government of this capital for the naming of a public park and a street after our deeply mourned comrade, Ricardo Flores Magon.

As the wisdom of our brother societies is well known, we have no doubt that our resolution will have the success that is desired for the noble aim that is sought. I request you to accept this expression of my comradeship and fraternity.

(Signed) R. A. ESCOBEDO,
Secretary General.

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